

A SCENE IN THE PYRENEES.

CORPORAL K—— (who now figures as a good-natured overseer of a cotton mill, in a retired town of New England, with forty boys and girls, from ten to eighteen years of age, under him, and who reverence the pussy old Scotchman, as the good genius who presides over their fortunes) was for ten years attached to the army of Wellington; first, in the Peninsular war, and last at the battle of Waterloo. He was attached to the forty-first regiment of dragoons, and held the post of corporal for several of the last years of his service.

If Wellington was a great and successful general, he seems to have acquired in his early East Indian campaigns a stern inhumanity in disposition, that almost paralysed those softer qualities of the heart, which usually endear a successful commander to the soldiers who share with him the fortunes of war.

Never shall I forget the strange enthusiasm with which K—— spoke of his old commander. There was the fire of honest indignation in his words, and the dark blood rushed to his cheeks. "Heaven," said he, "should never suffer that man to come to a

natural death, for the innocent lives he sacrificed in the Pyrenees!"

There are few that can estimate the sufferings of the British army in Spain. They were left by their own country, principally to the resources of Spain for subsistence. That exhausted power not only neglected to provide for her faithful ally, but actuated by a spirit of jealousy, thwarted Wellington's best tried schemes for opposing the common enemy.

While the army was stationed in the Pyrenees, the half-famished soldiers were guilty of some depredations on the premises of the peasants, of which complaint was made to Wellington. He determined to make examples of the guilty; and made proclamation to that effect. A few evenings after, three English dragoons, among whom was corporal K——, were surprised while feeding their jaded horses with hay, that had been plundered from the rick of a neighboring peasant.

K—— was at a little distance from his comrades, and commencing an instant flight, he hoped that he had not been recognized, so as afterwards to be identified.

The next day the sun arose, calm and beautiful. All was quiet in the English camp. K—— affected a cheerfulness responsive to so lovely a morning. Meeting his friend, sergeant H——, "This is a delightful morning," said he, playfully.

The sergeant shook his head. "It is, corporal," said he. "Where were you last night?"

"Nowhere in particular," said K——. "Why do you ask?"

"My good fellow," said the sergeant, "I fear it will be 'all day' with you before the sun goes down. The peasants have been in, this morning, and made complaints;—at ten o'clock the corps is to be paraded, and they will return to identify the culprits—and then, you know"——

The old war-worn soldier shed tears, which flowed freely and fast, at the anticipated fate of poor K——, who had so long been his kind-hearted and jolly companion. Ten o'clock arrived. The corps was paraded so as to cover, with double lines, three sides of a hollow square, leaving the front open for the convenience of the terrible execution, that had been decreed against the offenders. The peasants had already commenced the review, for the purpose of identifying the culprits. They were first to pass along the front line, and having carefully scrutinized each individual, they were to return, and examine the next with like care. Poor K——'s heart died within him; but he had a friend in his captain, who, by a well-ordered device, contrived to save him. Before the peasants approached, he ordered him to exchange places with the man in the rear—and when they were approaching in the rear, K—— had resumed his former position. So, in fact, he was not exposed to their scrutiny, and escaped, to the joy of the whole regiment. But that was no time for gratulations. The two comrades, who were not more guilty than corporal K——, were identified. The

commander ordered them to advance in front of the lines. In a moment, the death volley, that rolled its dismal notes up the dark ravines of the Pyrenees, told the sequel of their fate. Wellington had written afresh the rules of discipline in the blood of two of his most gallant and devoted soldiers.

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A THIMBLE-FULL OF ROMANCE.

THE tailor's wife had stitched since five in the morning. It was now noon—the day after Christmas-day, and there really was something for dinner. The tailor was from home—the children were out, but it was close upon twelve o'clock, and in a trice they would be back, eager and hungry for their meal. Mrs. Atkins put down her work—a very handsome waistcoat of sky-blue satin, sprinkled with stars, and bordered, it might be, with the zodiac, (the border was so strangely beautiful,) clapped her thimble on the mantel-piece, and hurried to the cupboard. At all events, there was a dinner to-day; and something seemed to promise the tailor's wife a brighter time, and a fuller table for the time to come. Atkins had gone to make inquiry about a ship that was to sail for the other side of the world; and though he had not at the time a single piece of Queen Victoria's minted gold to purchase a passage for himself and family, he nevertheless would learn all the particulars of cost and

necessary preparation. It was a whim, he knew; for all that, it was a whim that controlled him beyond his powers of self-argument, had he tried to exercise them. And, all alone, Mrs. Atkins spread the table. There was a piece of beef left, and a small piece of plum-pudding; and still the pudding remained small, although Mrs. Atkins turned the plate that contained it round and round half-a-dozen times, and took half-a-dozen side-long looks at it, as though endeavoring to behold it in the most improved light. But pudding is not to be thus magnified.

The table laid, Mrs. Atkins thought she would execute a few more stitches, filling up the time until Atkins and the children came. As Mrs. Atkins approached the mantel-piece, extending her fingers towards the thimble, the thimble—of its own motion—fell over upon its side, with one distinct prolonged sound, as from a silver bell; Mrs. Atkins's thimble, by the way, being of no such precious metal, but of working-day brass. Mrs. Atkins drew back her fingers from the thimble as from a nettle, when the thimble—self-moved—rolled off the mantel-piece and fell upon the hearth. And then, to the astonishment and terror of Mrs. Atkins, who, strange to say, could not at that moment scream, though in no former

accident had she failed, when otherwise determined—then, from the thimble began to pour forth, in small quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropped in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapor—puffing and puffing, until, in a few minutes, the room was filled as with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glittered like a speck upon the hearth. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little bit of beef and fragmentary pudding; but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in the one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

After some minutes, the cloud cleared away, slowly rolling itself up the chimney, and Mrs. Atkins's brass thimble lay, like any other two-penny implement, upon the hearth. The same well-worn thimble—the same familiar common-place that for many a day had armed her sempstress finger.

“How do you do, Mrs. Atkins?” said a voice from the mantel-piece.

Mrs. Atkins jumped round with the shortest of jumps. She looked and saw a gentleman——

Well, he was the strangest of gentlemen, and he was in the strangest position! But we will tell every tittle we know about him.

Measured by tailor's measure, the gentleman's stature might have been about six inches. A gentleman with a very clean and lofty look; his hair an iron gray; with a few wisdom scratches made with an iron pen—the sort of pen made out of Time's old scythes—about the corner of his eyes, that had a ceiling-ward look; a look, moreover, of self-satisfaction. He was very soberly dressed in black—very soberly; and then his white neckerchief was white and pure as a snow-wreath. Mrs. Atkins thought she recognized in the miniature man a well-known face; one of those countenances that, like a royal face upon a shilling, is the property of every body who can possess it. She had seen a picture of the Poor Man's Friend, and—no, it could not be he; it was impossible—nevertheless, the face of the manikin was wondrously like that flesh-and-blood goodness.

And the little gentleman, though somewhat uneasily, sat among a sprig of Christmas holly that was upon the mantel-piece; sat, and with his best pains, looked secure amid his bower of spikes.

“Hadn't you better take a chair, sir, or this stool?”—said Mrs. Atkins, as she passed her apron over a three-legged piece of deal,—you'll be more comfortable, sir.”

"Thank you," said the little man; his face puckered as he spoke; and shifting uneasily, — thank you, but people condemned to live in thimbles are not allowed to be comfortable."

Poor creatures! cried Mrs. Atkins, "it must be a strait lodging, goodness knows. I never heard of such a thing."

"Benighted, darkened being!" cried the little man in black; "miserable, forlorn person," he continued, as though from a platform, — did you never hear of Solomon's brazen kettles?"

"Never, sir," said the tailor's wife, with great humility.

"Know, then, that Solomon has at this moment a thousand brazen kettles at the bottom of the sea; and in every kettle is a prisoner, confined for no good he has done, depend upon it, to hear the sea moan and roar, and answer it with his groans. And as in brazen kettles, so" — and the little man sighed heavily — "so in brass thimbles."

"I don't understand a word of it," said Mrs. Atkins; and with a resolute hand, she took up her thimble, and turned it over and over, and almost unconsciously brought the thimble to her nose. But it

did *not* smell of sulphur—the thimble was the like thimble it was before.

“For ten years have I lived in that thimble. Ten years,” cried the little man—and Mrs. Atkins stared now at her visitor, and now took another look at the thimble; and then she courageously thrust her thimble finger into the familiar brass, and nodded at the little man among the holly, as much as to say, “Now you are well got rid of, I’ll take care you shan’t get in again.”

The little man seemed to understand the threat of the look, for he said with a languid smile,—“It’s no matter now: my ten years are up—my time’s out to-day. All I have now to do is to confess my past sins and the sufferings they purchased me, and then I pass to peace. I’ve paid the penalty of my selfishness, and my unquiet ghost will cease to haunt your brazen thimble.”

“A ghost!” cried Mrs. Atkins. “Well, I never thought I could be so bold to a ghost. But then, to be sure, you’re such a very little one. What was your name?”

“Never mind,” said the small man. “I was called the Poor Man’s Friend. And I can tell you, Mrs. Atkins, that I have paid pretty sharply for the vanity and vexation of the title.”

"That is, I suppose," answered the spirited little woman, "you wasn't his friend at all? Only the name, like?"

"Listen to my story," said the little gentleman, again shifting himself among the holly leaves. "I was, when I was alive, and enjoying my proper stature, I was a man of exceeding wealth. Rich indeed was I, and as every body thought—and at last I got myself to think so too—very good, very benevolent, very pious. Indeed, I had the habit of talking so much about the duties of the rich to the poor, that, for the life of me, I never could find sufficient time to perform them. Nevertheless, I could not forbear to talk—it was so pleasant, so easy too; and with no other effort, it made me a name that smelt among my particular friends like a sweet ointment."

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Atkins. "To get a good name, and live upon it and do nothing for it; why it's worse than coining—yes, passing bad money is nothing to it."

"Very true, Mrs. Atkins," answered the unruffled manikin. "Very true. Yet there's a deal of brassy character passed for good. And it may sound right enough upon the world's counter, but it won't do, Mrs.

Atkins, when the angels come to ring it. It won't do, ma'am."

"I should say not," replied the tailor's wife, with womanly decision.

"And so I found. It is now, madam, ten years ago since I died. If you doubt me, take your way to the cemetery. There, madam, you will see my monument. There's no mistaking it—'tis such a handsome thing, with work enough in it to have kept the sculptor and his family for a twelvemonth. I am there, ma'am, in *alto relieve* in four compartments; and in all four my likeness by lamenting friends is considered very perfect. In one place I am giving away quartern loaves—in another I have taken off my own coat, and am serenely offering the garment to a beggar—and the third" ——

"I recollect. Good as a picture to look at it—I saw it with Tom and the children one Sunday. *Then* we could get a walk on a Sunday; and now it's no walk, but for ever stitch. La, bless me! and that's you in that monument! Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Atkins. "And now I recollect, what a lot of fine stuff there's writ about you."

"Don't name it, ma'am," said the little man hastily; "even as I am, my cheek tingles to think of it. And when I reflect" ——

"Never mind reflections," cried the tailor's wife with decreasing deference towards her visitor—"but come to the story at once. How did you get in my thimble?"

"That was my sentence—that was my dreadful punishment," cried the little man.

"Punishment!" echoed Mrs. Atkins. "Well, to be sure, little as you are, it must have cramped you terrible. And what's so very droll, I never felt you."

"But I felt you—every stitch," said the manikin, and he seemed to wince at the recollection. "However, to finish my story. You must know that, although I talked to the last day of my life about the duties of the rich, and the rights of the poor—although now and then, for the look of the thing, my name sparkled in a guinea subscription for a Home for the Homeless, or some such public benevolence, I would buy—buy where I might—I would buy cheap. Every shilling saved, I considered as a new victory over the extravagance of trade. It was not for me to inquire about wages—it was no part of my economy to be assured that the journeyman could get his shoulder of mutton and potatoes"—

"Shoulder of mutton and potatoes!" exclaimed Mrs. Atkins, as though she spoke of the culinary

marvels of Mahomet's Paradise—"Well, to be sure, we had a bit of beef yesterday, but before then"—

"I cared not if you, and such as you, lived upon bran and water, if cheapness were in the stitches of my coat—if my heart, my philanthropic heart, beat beneath a waistcoat that, for economy of cost, defied competition."

"More shame for you," said the tailor's wife. "Talking of waistcoats, what do you think I get for that blue thing there?"

"Starvation!" answered the manikin; "for I see, fine as it is—oh, I know the sort of thing *now*—I see it is one of the glories of prime cost that defy competition. A pretty breastplate of defiance," said the little man, "and well is such defiance punished."

"How punished?" asked Mrs. Atkins.

"That's it—that's the marrow of my story. That is the why and the wherefore that I am here. At this moment—now, woman, attend to me, for what I have to say is worth the hearing—at this moment—there are the ghosts of not less than ten thousand men and women—excellent persons when alive; the very pink of goodness, with delicate white satin feelings, as one may say—ten thousand spirits condemned for a certain time to be imprisoned in thimbles."

"In thimbles!" exclaimed the tailor's wife.

"In thimbles," repeated the miniature of the departed Poor Man's Friend. "And their prison is far worse than the brazen dungeon in which Solomon shuts up his genii; for they, at least, are not mocked with an open cell—with a promise of liberty never, until the appointed time be come, to be obtained. Now the victims of the thimble may not budge. They have employed the cheapest thimble when alive, and the cheapest thimble is for a time their punishment when dead. My time is up, and my wounds are healing—but how, for these ten long years"——

"That's just about the time—not quite—Tom and I have worked for"——

"For my tailor that was," said the manikin. "How, for the time, have you tortured me!"

"I—I couldn't do it," cried Mrs. Atkins, sharply.

"You couldn't help it—'twas your duty and my fate. Thus, for every stitch you took, I felt your needle-head go clean into what seemed my flesh. And my sense of feeling was sharpened into spiritual suffering. For fourteen hours a-day, have I felt—incessantly felt—the punctures of the tormenting steel. Hundreds of thousands of little daggers piercing me through and through, and with every

stitch, a jerk that seemed to snatch at every nerve."

"Mercy on us!" cried the tailor's wife.

"Ah, mercy on us," said the little man. "But we ask mercy in vain who have had no mercy on others. Live and let starve, was my inner creed; it's a wicked religion, Mrs. Atkins, and carries its after-punishment. And depend upon it, they who, without care for the comforts, for the necessities of the workers, *will* have only the cheapest work, big as their names may sound, and large as their presence in the world may be,— their souls dwell in a thimblé."

And here the little man vanished, and the Dutch clock struck twelve, and Atkins with a brightened face, with a child in either hand, and two following, came home to dinner. Now whether Mrs. Atkins did, or did not, tell to her husband her interview with the manikin, is not here, or elsewhere, the business of

 RED RIDING HOOD.

"ANGELINA'S FAINTED!"

BY RED RIDING HOOD.

THE talk was of Hottentots—

"Don't speak of 'em," cried Miss Angelina Daffy, "I'm certain of it—if I were only to look at a Hottentot, I should faint—I must faint."

"Fiddledee!" said Miss Lillywhite; and there was a hush—a pause in the conversation; for when Miss Lillywhite exclaimed "Fiddledee!" it behoved thoughtless young ladies to look to themselves. Now, Miss Daffy had a great talent for fainting. Perhaps the talent was originally a natural gift; nevertheless, it could not be denied that a frequent and earnest cultivation of the endowment had brought it to perfection. Miss Daffy, at one minute's notice, could faint at any time, and upon any subject. She could faint at either extreme of the day—faint at breakfast, or faint at supper; could faint with equal beauty and truthfulness, whether the matter to be fainted upon

were a black beetle, or a blackbird—a bull or a bullfinch. She had wonderful powers of syncope; though, it must be allowed, like most folks haunted with a despotic sense of their own genius, she now and then employed it a little out of place. Vanity, however, is a human weakness. For a philosopher, to his own satisfaction, has proved, that the peacock takes no pride in its own effulgent glories, but, all unconscious of their beauty, spreads them because it was ordained to do so; and, after all, had Miss Daffy been philosophically examined upon her proneness to faint, she would have attributed the habit to no self-complacency, but to the simple but inevitable truth that she was made to faint. She would not have recognized any beauty in the art of fainting, but merely the natural consequence that to faint was feminine. Eve, she thought, was made for *sal-volatile*.

Miss Lillywhite was a spinster of seven-and-forty. “I am six—seven—eight-and-forty, next birth-day,” Miss Lillywhite would blithely observe, as the year might be. And this gay veracity was the more pleasing in Miss Lillywhite, inasmuch as she might have passed for forty; nay, had she stickled ever so little for it, she might have got off with six-and-thirty

at most — a happy, blooming six-and-thirty; for Miss Lillywhite, like a true Englishwoman, carried in her unfading beauty the assertion of her British race. How much triumphant beauty all over the world fades and yields, as teens blow into twenties, as twenties wrinkle into thirties! Now, your truly beautiful Englishwoman, with her carnations and lilies, will carry her colors up to two-score-and-ten. Nay, we have known some veterans, blooming with a sprinkling of years over tyrannous fifty. And Miss Lillywhite was as jocund as she was handsome. It is said, there is no better preservative against the melancholy changes wrought by time than honey. We know not whether Miss Lillywhite was acquainted with the Egyptian truth: if not, she had unconsciously acted upon the unknown recipe, and had preserved herself in the sweetness of her disposition — in the honey of her goodness. She was a pattern old maid. Yet a pattern, we would hope, never to be followed; for it is such women who make the real wives and mothers. Miss Lillywhite, like Miss Venus de Medicis, should remain a single perfection: alone in sweetness and beauty, to show what celibacy and art can do; to be admired as samples, but never to be added to.

Miss Lillywhite was an old schoolfellow of Mrs.

Daffy's, and was passing the Christmas-time with her early friend and family. Now Angelina Daffy—a pretty creature, with more goodness in her than she dreamed of—had, as we have indicated, this weakness; she must faint: and carrying out this will, as a first principle, she had duly fainted through the whole round of the holidays. She had fainted at snap-dragons on Christmas-eve—fainted, very emphatically fainted, when surprised under the mistletoe on Christmas-day—fainted when the bells rang in 1850—and fainted, dead as a stone, as a nervous guest declared, when prevailed upon to crack a *bon-bon* on Twelfth-night. “Angelina’s fainted!” had become household words in the homestead of the Daffys.

And so, can it be wondered at that the ingenuous Miss Lillywhite, at this last threat of Angelina’s, to faint at a Hottentot—should rebuke the maiden with more than ordinary vivacity? The truth is, Miss Lillywhite had been much provoked: even on the previous Sunday, when Angelina had menaced to faint at the clergyman—a very handsome, meek young man, who preached a maiden sermon with great promise of preferment—Miss Lillywhite could only scold the maiden into firmness, by threatening to give her up, unattended, to the care of the beadle. There-

fore, when Angelina, returning to her weakness, expressed herself ready to go off at the very look of a Hottentot—therefore, all previous provocation considered, can it be wondered at that the patience of Miss Lillywhite fairly exploded with—"Fiddledee?" We think not; and take up the stitch of our little story.

"Fiddledee!" said Miss Lillywhite.

Miss Angelina looked surprised—amazed—and gradually became very deeply wounded. At first, she raised her eyes towards Miss Lillywhite as though doubtful of the truth of her impressions; but the set, stern features of Miss Lillywhite—if you can couple the expression of sternness with the thought of a clear, bright open face, bright and clear as Dresden china—convinced Angelina that it was the lady visitor who had really spoken. What, under the new and painful circumstance, could Angelina do? Why, she fell back upon the strength of her weakness: she instantly made an ostentatious preparation to faint. Her eyelids were slightly tremulous—she swallowed one sob—her neck took one swan-like curve, and—and, in another second, there would have been the old, old cry of the house of Daffy—"Angelina's fainted!"

But ———

Miss Lillywhite jumped from her chair, and resolutely passing Mrs. Daffy, made direct to the sufferer, who, half conscious of the attempted rescue, was fainting all the faster. "Angelina," cried Miss Lillywhite, with a restorative shake, "this is affectation—folly—hypocrisy—nonsense!"

Miss Angelina Daffy opened her orbs, and in a moment sat upright, with her prettily cut nostril dilated, and the tear that was coming into her astonished eyes almost frozen, and indeed, altogether, in such a state of amazement that she must—no, she would not faint; it was not a time to faint, when so cruelly offended.

Miss Lillywhite drew her chair beside Angelina, who was every moment hardening in dignity. "My dear child," said Miss Lillywhite, "you must give up fainting—it's gone out of fashion."

"Fashion, Miss Lillywhite! Do you think that feelings" ——

"Fiddledee!" again repeated Miss Lillywhite; and Angelina sternly resolved not to say another word to so strange a person—to so unpolite a visitor. Angelina crossed her arms in resignation, determining—since her mamma would not interfere—to suffer in silence. Miss Lillywhite might be rude—might say her worst.

"When I was eighteen, your age," said Miss Lillywhite, "and that, my dear, is nearly thirty years ago, I used to faint, too. I enjoyed fainting very much; indeed, my dear, I question if ever you take greater pleasure in fainting than I did."

"Pleasure!" exclaimed Miss Angelina. Who *could* remain dumb under such an imputation?

"Oh, I know all about it—pleasure, my dear," said the remorseless Miss Lillywhite. "You see, it gave me a little consequence; it drew upon me general notice; it made me, as it were, the centre of a picture; and it *was* a pleasure—not a healthful one, certainly, but still a pleasure—to enjoy so much sympathy about one. To hear, whilst I was in the fit—I don't know, my dear, whether you hear, when fainting, quite as well as I did—to hear expressions of concern, and pity, and admiration, and—do you hear them distinctly?" Angelina could not answer such a question: she could only look lightning—harmless, summer-lightning—at Miss Lillywhite, who inexorably continued. "I can confess it now—I used to enjoy the excitement, and therefore went off upon every reasonable opportunity. It was very wrong, but there *was* something pleasant, exciting in the words 'Miss Lillywhite's fainted!' Oh, I can remember them, my

dear, as though it was only yesterday. But, my love," said the cruel spinster, taking the young maid's hand between her own, and looking so benignly, and speaking so sweetly—"but, my love, we may faint once too often."

Angelina was very much offended—deeply hurt that Miss Lillywhite should for a moment associate her own past affectation with the real existing weakness then and there before her. Nevertheless, there was such quietness, such truthfulness, and withal such an air of whim in the looks, and words, and manner of the elderly spinster, that the young one gradually resigned herself to her monitress.

"We may faint once too often," repeated Miss Lillywhite, and she sighed; and then her customary smile beamed about her. "Of this dreary truth am I a sad example."

"You! Miss Lillywhite!" said Angelina.

"Listen," said the old maid. "'Tis a short story; but worth your hearing. When I was nineteen, I was about to be married. About, did I say? Why, the day was fixed; I was in my bridal dress; at the altar; the ring, the wedding-ring at the very tip of my finger, when" ——

"Mercy me!" cried Angelina, "what happened?"

"I fainted," said Miss Lillywhite, and she shook her head, and a wan smile played about her lips.

"And you were not married because you fainted?" said Angelina, much awakened to the subject.

"As I have confessed, it was my weakness to faint upon all occasions. I enjoyed the interest that, as I thought, fainting cast about me. My lover often looked coldly—suspiciously; but love conquered his doubts, and led him triumphantly before the parson. Well, the marriage-service was begun, and " —

"Do go on," cried Angelina.

"And in a few minutes I should have been a wife, when I thought I must faint. It would seem very bold of me in such a situation not to faint. I, who had fainted on so many occasions, not to swoon at the altar would have been a want of sentiment—of proper feeling, on so awful an occasion. With this thought, I felt myself fainting rapidly; and just as the bridegroom had touched my finger with the ring,—I went off; yes, my dear, swooned with all the honors."

"Do go on," again cried Angelina.

"As I swooned, the ring slipped from the bridegroom's fingers, fell upon the stove, and was rolling—rolling—to drop through the aperture of the stove that, from below, admitted heat to the church, when —

though swooning—I somehow saw the danger, and, to stop the ring, put forth my foot.”

“Well!” exclaimed Angelina.

“Too late—the ring rolled on—disappeared down the chimney of the stove,—and then I fainted with the greatest fidelity. Hartshorn and *sal-volatile* came to my aid. I was restored—but where was the ring? ’Twas hopeless to seek for it. Half-a-dozen other rings were proffered; but no—it would be an evil omen—there would be no happiness, if I were not wedded with my own ring. Well, search was made—and time flew—and, we were late at church to begin with—and the ring was not found when the church-clock struck twelve.”

“Well!” said Angelina.

“Well!” sighed Miss Lillywhite, “the clergyman, closing his book, said, ‘It is past the canonical hour; the parties cannot be married to-day; they must come again to-morrow.’”

“Dreadful!” exclaimed Angelina.

“We returned home; my lover upbraided—I retorted; we had a shocking quarrel, and—he left the house to write me a farewell letter. In a week he was on his voyage to India; in a twelvemonth he had married an Indian lady, as rich as an idol, and

I—after thirty years — am still Caroline Lillywhite, spinster.”

It is very strange. From the time of the' above narrative there were two words never again breathed beneath the roof-tree of the Daffys. And these unuttered words were —

“Angelina's fainted!”

CLEMENCE ISAURE;
OR, THE FLORAL GAMES.

A HISTORICAL TALE.

It was a cold frosty morning in November, 1478; two knights, mounted on noble and richly-caparisoned steeds, advanced rapidly along the banks of the Garonne towards the city of Toulouse. At some distance from the gates of this ancient capital of Languedoc, they approached an humble dwelling, whose outstretched sign proclaimed the important fact, that "*Here Poirot lodges both man and horse.*" The youngest of the travellers, addressing mine host, who had hastened to his open door on hearing the sound of horses' feet, inquired of him which was the way to the castle of the Countess of Toulouse.

"You have not far to go, Sir Knight," replied the man, pointing towards the town; "follow the course

of the river, and where yon dark shadow rests so heavily, you will find the castle. But may I not offer you some refreshment, noble sirs?" continued the host.

"Not now," replied the younger stranger, "but I thank you for your information;" and dropping a piece of money into his hand, he galloped on. After a moment he reigned up his steed, and addressing his companion: "Have I made my wishes clearly understood by thee, my good Raymond? Thou knowest how my honored and lamented father, the Lord of Nesle, pledged himself before his death to the Count of Toulouse, that I should marry his daughter, Clemence Isaure. All the articles of the contract have been drawn out between them, and a fine of ten thousand golden crowns imposed on either of the parties who may decline fulfilling the engagement. I have never seen my betrothed, and truth to say, I thought of nothing less than coming to claim her hand, when last week, I received through the king's courier a letter from the countess, acquainting me that her health was failing fast, and that she dreaded leaving her daughter alone in the world, and therefore requested my presence at her castle, for the fulfilment of my father's engagement."

"The heiress of the house of Toulouse must be wealthy, Sire Amaury."

"Immensely rich, Raymond."

"Is she young and pretty?"

"Ah! that is what I am somewhat doubtful about, Raymond; and therefore am I come incognito, to ascertain for myself, whether it be not better to pay the ten thousand golden crowns than to marry."

"I have heard, far and near, of the wit, talents, and learning of the lady Clemence."

"That is just what alarms me, Raymond; a learned woman, who perhaps understands orthography! Out! How tiresome that would be, Raymond! Why, I would as soon marry my preceptor as a learned lady. But here we are at the castle gate. Now, let me see if thou dost remember thy part."

"Listen, my lord. — I am a messenger from you, old Richard, your trusty attendant, and the bearer of a letter from you to the countess as well as a gift to her noble daughter. So far, all is true, but now comes the fiction; for you, the Sire of Nesle, the most amiable and distinguished young nobleman at the court of France, are to be my squire — the poor scion of an honorable family, — and now your name is" —

"Gerard," said Amaury, smiling. "Now, sound the horn."

Raymond having obeyed, the porter appeared; and, after conveying Raymond's message to the lady of Toulouse, quickly returned to summon the travellers to her presence.

"What an ancient castle, my master!" whispered the young Marquis de Nesle to his companion, as they followed the servant through a long suite of gloomy apartments. How sad and silent it is! methinks that science breathes in every corner of it. I lay a bet that the lady Clemence is as old and as stiff as these portraits of her ancestors."

At this moment, the servant who preceded them having raised a tapestry-hanging, they found themselves at the entrance of a vast saloon, at the extreme end of which were two ladies; one of whom presented the very image just portrayed by Amaury. She was seated in a large easy chair, and on a low stool at her feet was a young girl, whose rich dark ringlets fell in profusion on her neck and shoulders; her back was towards the door, and she was repeating aloud some poem, to which the elder lady listened with the deepest attention. The strangers were no sooner announced, than the young lady, rising up

hastily, revealed to the Sire de Nesle a countenance radiant with health and beauty."

"Be welcome," she said, addressing Raymond. "Pray, sir, excuse my lady-mother from advancing to greet you." And then, with a look of inexpressible sadness, she pointed to her mother's closed and sightless eyes.

Raymond bowed with profound respect; and drawing from beneath his cloak a Bible superbly bound, and clasped with gold, together with a parchment sealed with green wax, whereon were stamped the arms of the noble house of Nesle: "Madam," said he, "these are sent by my lord and master, the Sire of Nesle. A very important affair detains him unwillingly for a few days at court."

Amaury's eyes were fixed upon the lady Clemence with surprise and admiration.

"A Bible, a printed Bible!" exclaimed Clemence, opening the book and placing it on her mother's knees. "Oh, what a treasure! I have never seen one of this impression before."

"Is it very readable, my daughter?" inquired the countess, feeling with her long white fingers the pages of the book.

"O! perfectly so, my dear mother; only listen a moment," and her eye fell on the following passage: —
'And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.' "It is the passage of Genesis, where Abraham's servant arrives in Mesopotamia, to choose a wife for his master, Isaac," said Clemence, addressing her mother.

"The history of Abraham's servant is my own, noble lady," rejoined Raymond.

Clemence blushed deeply.

"Your allusion to this history, sir, reminds me of my neglect in not offering you and your young companion some refreshment;" and summoning an attendant, she desired that the evening repast might be served as speedily as possible.

"Clemence," said the countess, "read to me the Sire de Nesle's epistle."

While breaking the seal, her daughter observed in a low voice, "You know, dear mother, the only condition on which I would consent to accept the Sire de Nesle for my lord and master."

"There is a fine, my child," said the countess.

"We can pay it, my lady-mother."

"But there is a promise pledged, child."

"There is also a *Sauf la Vue*, madam, and I may not perhaps please the Sire de Nesle."

"Oh, impossible!" imprudently exclaimed the pretended squire.

Clemence looked at him with so noble and severe an aspect, that the aged Raymond hastened to address her.

"Pardon my squire, noble lady; he is the impoverished scion of an ancient family, and my master has somewhat spoiled Gerard by his kindness."

"Gerard!" repeated the lady Clemence, "your name is Gerard, sir?" said she, addressing Amaury with an air of modest dignity.

"It is impossible to deceive you, noble damoiselle. I am the Sire de Nesle;" for before the candid and inquiring glance of Clemence deception seemed useless.

The aged countess rose up hastily.

"The Sire de Nesle here already? Oh! pardon my emotion, Sire, but the desire for my child's happiness is mingled with sorrow at the thought of losing her so speedily."

"Behold in me, madam, the most respectful of sons," said the Sire de Nesle, bending his knee to salute the countess's hand. Then turning towards

Clemence, and seeing her pale and silent, he added, "Are you displeased with me fair lady?"

"Although it would have been more generous of you, Sire, to appear at first in your own character," replied Clemence, "I bear you no ill-will; but before we pledge ourselves"—

"Clemence!" interrupted her mother hastily.

"Pardon me, dear mother," resumed the young girl, with a trembling voice. "Sire de Nesle, my mother has me only in the world. You see her misfortune. I alone am able to make her smile, to shed a little sunshine on her darkened life. Promise me, therefore, here on this Bible, on the first gift I have received at your hand, that you will never separate me from my mother. With this assurance, I am willing to accept you as my lord and master; to be your wife, your companion, your attendant, if needs be."

"I promise it," said Amaury, as deeply moved as the Lady Clemence herself.

"Dear, dear child," said the countess, pressing her daughter to her bosom, "God has been merciful in leaving me such an angel. Sire de Nesle, know what a treasure you are receiving from me. For the sake of relieving the tedium of her blind mother's life, she has devoted herself to study

during the joyous spring-time of her life. She has passed many a midnight hour in searching the olden chronicles, that she might find wherewith to amuse me on the ensuing day. She has made herself mistress of the gay science, that she might sing to me, at twilight, lays of love and glory. Peace, my daughter, I will say all. She has studied not for fame, not even for the mere love of knowledge, but for her mother's sake. Such a daughter must prove a tender wife, a virtuous mother. Sire de Nesle, oh, love her well, and make her happy!"

Tears rolled down the aged countess's cheeks; nor could Amaury and Raymond listen, without being deeply moved. As for Clemence, she concealed her emotion beneath a smile, and, addressing the countess, said, "Leave my praises, dearest mother, I pray you, to less interested judges, and let us think only of these noble gentlemen, who honor us with their company. Perhaps they may favor us with some account of what is doing at court in Paris. Tell us somewhat, I pray you, concerning this wondrous art of printing, and whence this costly Bible was procured."

"My father purchased it from Gutenberg himself, during a journey he made to Mentz, in 1452. John

Gensfleisch, for that was his real name, had just then entered into partnership with Fust, one of whose workmen, Peter Scheffer, had invented cast metal types instead of those rude wooden letters, strung together with pack-thread, which had been previously used."

"They have, no doubt, raised statues to Gutenberg and Fust," said Clemence.

"So far from it, fair lady, that Fust had a narrow escape of being burnt to death," replied the Sire de Nesle.

Both the ladies made exclamations of surprise. "Yes, truly, for so it was, that Fust coming to Paris with the hope of selling his Bibles there, the copyists were so enraged at his offering them at a lower price than they demanded for their own books, that they accused him of magic; and, by my faith, he was about to be burnt, when the king took him under his protection, purchased his books, and gave him an asylum in his palace."

"Well done of Louis! I love him for that!" exclaimed Clemence, with almost childish glee.

At this moment, supper was announced; and after having gracefully fulfilled the duties of hospitality Clemence, at a late hour of the evening, announced

to the travellers, that their apartments were prepared ; so bidding a courteous good night to the ladies of the castle, Amaury and his companion followed the attendants, who preceded them with torches of blazing resin.

The city of Toulouse discoursed joyously concerning the splendid alliance about to be formed by the last remaining scion of the noble house of Toulouse ;* and even the aged countess seemed for awhile to forget her own sorrows in the approaching happiness of her child. Amaury was deeply enamored of the lady Clemence, and she received with gentle satisfaction the many proofs of his tenderness and devotion. Sometimes, however, even in her happiest moments, a shade of sadness would steal across her features, clouding for a while the bright serenity of her countenance.

It was the eve of that eventful day on which their marriage contract was to be signed. Clemence, who had often expressed her peculiar love for violets, found, on rising, a large nosegay of her favorite

* The house of Nesle was one of the most ancient and noble, as well as one of the wealthiest families in France.

flowers upon her toilet-table. The weather being intensely cold, she expressed her surprise and admiration at so unexpected a gift.

"And how much more would my dear mistress prize them," said Susan, her foster-sister and attendant, "if she knew that they well nigh cost the Sire de Nesle his life this morning."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" inquired Clemence, turning deadly pale.

"And it would have been all my fault too," continued Susan. "Oh! I never would have forgiven myself. Only imagine, my dear mistress, that having overheard the Sire de Nesle say yesterday that he would gladly give a pound of his blood for every violet he could procure, I told him that he might obtain them at a much cheaper rate; for that the astrologer who lives at the opposite side of the Garonne, possessed the marvellous art of making them flourish at all seasons, and was willing enough to sell them for a few *livres tournois*. So, this morning at break of day, Pierrelle rowed the Sire de Nesle across the river in his boat; it was Pierrelle who told me all about it. The astrologer had only this one bunch of violets, for which the Sire de Nesle gave I don't know how many crowns;

and on his return in the boat, he was so overjoyed at his prize, that in a fit of laughter he leant carelessly over the boat, and dropped the flowers into the river. Behold you! without making any more ado about it, my lord springs into the water and seizes the nosegay, but the water was so deadly cold that it chilled his limbs and he could not swim. Fortunately, Pierrelle drew him safely into the boat."

"And he has not been hurt?" inquired Clemence, breathlessly.

"He has only caught cold," replied Susan.

Clemence, looking upon the violets with emotion, placed them in her dark hair, and descended to the saloon, where she found Amaury seated by the blazing hearth. He rose to greet her, and fixing his eyes upon the violets, seemed by his glance to thank her for wearing them.

"I ought to scold you, Sire Amaury," she said to him, "for thus adventuring so precious a life, but I go to seek my mother, that she may do so."

"Stay a moment, dearest Clemence," said the knight; "let us converse awhile, I have so many things to say to you. Raymond is gone to Paris this morning, and I have charged him to prepare your house without delay, and to engage your

domestics. He has my commands to spare no expense, and all must be ready before spring."

"Do you think, Amaury, that my mother will then be able to undertake so long a journey?"

"Your mother, Clemence! does she mean to accompany us to Paris?"

"Amaury! do you already forget the stipulation I made on the evening of your arrival, and your own promise on the Bible?"

"Pardon me, dear Clemence; but have you also remembered that my duty will recall me at that time to court? And will you refuse to accompany me thither?"

"No, assuredly, Amaury, but my mother can come with us."

"And she shall be mistress under my roof, even as she is here," said Amaury, with tenderness.

"I expected no less from your courtesy. Thanks, dear Amaury," said Clemence, in a grateful tone.

"How I shall rejoice, Clemence, to present you at court; to see you loveliest among the lovely, wittiest among the witty; for you will eclipse all those noble ladies with your wit and your acquirements."

"What an idea," said Clemence, laughing; "as if one studied for the sake of eclipsing others! Oh, no,

Amaury; it was only to amuse my poor mother, I assure you," she added with a sigh.

"Be it so, Clemence, but you will not object to shine at court for the sake of pleasing your husband, will you?"

"It will be my happiness and my duty, Messire."

"There are to be brilliant fêtes in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin with Anne of Brittany. You shall be present at them all, and no lady there shall surpass you in magnificence of dress."

"And my mother, what will she do, Amaury, while I am dancing?" inquired Clemence, after a moment of sorrowful hesitation.

Her question was unheeded by Amaury, who continued: "And if I am called to the king's councils, of which there is an early prospect, you, beloved Clemence, shall be the sharer of every secret; you shall ever be at my side in the hours of my retirement, and my own opinion shall never be suffered to prevail over yours."

"But, while I am thus occupied with affairs of state," said Clemence in a melancholy and reproachful tone, "who will take care of my mother, Sire de Nesle?"

"Your mother?" said Amaury, suddenly struck

with the change in Clemence's countenance. "Your mother! I thought not of her, dearest; your mother is her own mistress, nor would I presume to regulate her course of life. But what ails you, Clemence? Have I said aught to displease you? If I have been so unfortunate, it has been most unwittingly, believe me. Wherefore are you going away?"

"I have not seen my mother to-day, Sire de Nesle," replied the young Toulousaine, gently disengaging her hand from Amaury, who held it between his own; and she left the apartment hastily.

The Sire de Nesle saw her no more on that day, and the ensuing morning, while he was yet unrisen, Clemence's page presented him with a letter from his young mistress, accompanied by a small ivory casket. Amaury's heart beat violently while he broke open the blue waxen seal, whereon were impressed the arms of the house of Toulouse. He read as follows:—

"MESSIRE—You know not with what deep sorrow my heart has been filled since yesterday morning; that conversation has engrossed all my thoughts, and now my resolution is formed. Sire de Nesle, I can never be your wife, nor that of any other knight; in afflicting

my poor mother with blindness, God has said to me, 'thou shalt never quit her,'—and ought I to suffer any human being to reverse this sentence, and say to me, 'Quit thy mother and do my pleasure?'

"Yesterday, in planning your future life and mine, you thought not of my mother, and when I reminded you of her, you seemed astonished, and said to me, '*Oh, I did not think of her.*' This is not said to you by way of reproach, Sire; or it would come with an ill grace from me. How could I have expected you to reserve the first place in your thoughts for my mother, when I had forgotten, that, in becoming your wife, she could no longer be my first thought,—my first duty?

"You are young, noble, rich, Sire de Nesle, and you will find women who will be happy to bear your name and to devote their whole being to you. As for me, I could not do so, for I owe it all to her whose happiness depends solely upon me. If I were married, my poor mother would, in fact, be alone in the world. Where could she find another daughter, when the child whom Heaven had bestowed on her, had preferred her own happiness to hers? No, my mother, thy daughter will never leave thee.

“Ah! Sire, you cannot love my mother as I do, and in depriving her of a part of my love, what could you give her in exchange?”

“If your heart is sad, because of this decision, remember that mine is breaking; but my mother! what would become of her without me? Even yesterday,—see the evils I was preparing for her in future!—yesterday, while conversing with you, I had forgotten her a moment; she was already risen when I entered her chamber; I had lost her first greeting and her earliest smile. Think then what it would be afterwards; no, no! my decision is made. It has caused me much misery, I assure you; and so I have a favor to ask of you. If you wish me to see you again without painful disquietude,—to be in your presence without distress, speak to me no more, I beseech you, of your past projects; for pity’s sake, act towards me as if we had never been affianced to each other. I can be your sister, your friend, but never can I be either a wife or a mother. This is God’s will, let us bow to it.

“Among your many gifts, I have kept only one,—the bunch of violets,—which is very precious because of the life which was endangered in its preservation. The others are enclosed in a casket which will be

delivered to you by my page; you will find therein, also, the ten thousand crowns fine.

“If your delicacy forbids your acceptance of this sum, I pray you give it to the printers in Paris, who are such benefactors to our country, and to whom I heartily wish success in their work.

“And now, Sire Amaury, if you have the courage to come and say, ‘Farewell, my sister!’ I am ready to receive you; if not, depart, and may heaven’s choicest blessings be your portion.

“CLEMENCE ISAURE.”

The Sire of Nesle was overwhelmed with sorrow on reading this letter, for its earnest simplicity deprived him of all hope of shaking Clemence’s determination. He admired the courage of this young girl, who renounced all the pleasures of the world for one only bliss, that of tending her mother; and amid the fullness of his admiration, he would again and again feel tempted to combat her resolution; but there was something so holy and so pure in this devoted love of a daughter to her widowed parent, that at length he overcame the desire of his heart.

As for Clemence, always guided by the wish to amuse her mother, whose love was her dearest

recompense, she gave herself up to literature, and by her example and influence, rekindled among her countrymen a taste for the *belles lettres*.

In former times, Toulouse possessed an institution designated the "*College of the Gay Sciences*." Clemence Isaure reanimated it by a magnificent foundation, *the floral games*, which, established during her lifetime, was confirmed by her will. On the 3d of May, prizes were distributed annually to the best poems presented to the College, and these prizes consisted of golden violets of the richest and most delicate workmanship. This annual fête was opened by a mass, a sermon, and an ample distribution of arms to the necessitous poor.

Clemence Isaure died at the age of fifty, unmarried ; and was quickly followed to the tomb by that mother whose life had been embellished by her talents and filial piety.

**DROPPING IN TO TEA;
OR, HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.**

FROM SAD EXPERIENCE.

I AM at the head of a small but well-ordered household, and blessed with a scientific husband. If there is any thing I pride myself upon, it is having things neat and nice. I hate being put out of my way—it fidgets me; and if there is one thing in particular that ruffles my usually smooth temper, it is that awful habit my husband has of bringing unexpected friends to lunch, breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, as the case may be. How often have I said to him, “My dear John, nobody can be more happy to see my friends than I am; no one more happy to be introduced to new ones; but do not take me unawares; let me know in time to have something prepared.”

But, alas! it was always in vain. My dear husband knows nothing of housekeeping, and he has no idea

how hurtful it is to my feelings to see what would be a comfortable little supper for two put before ten. He can't conceive the horror of not having enough milk for tea, and during that meal being obliged to send Jane for more; and then, somebody knocking at the door during her absence, my poor deaf Mary answering the summons, and bringing the most absurd name or message.

"My dear aunt," said my niece, as she entered the room one evening, "I have just had a letter to say that poor little Annie is very ill, and mamma wishes me to go home and nurse her, so will you just let Mary carry my bag to the railroad, for I must be off as soon as possible, to get there in time for tea; it doesn't take more than a quarter of an hour, so I shall have plenty of time, if I start directly."

"Certainly, my dear," I replied, "then you will leave Robert with me."

"Yes, aunt, I think so, if you please. There is no occasion for his going home; and he always enjoys himself so much with you, that I think it is a pity to curtail his visit.

"Well, now, my dear, go and get ready, or you will be too late," said I, as I rang for Mary.

Jane answered the bell.—“Jane, just send Mary to me.”

“Yes, mum.”

“Mary,” said I, when she appeared, in my loudest tone of voice, “I wish you to carry Miss Mordaunt's box to the station; she is going home this evening; get ready directly.”

“Yes, mum; and please could I stay and drink tea with mother this evening, she lives close by the station.”

I considered a little, and then, in a moment of weakness, I thundered out “Yes.”

Mary curtseyed, and departed.

“And now, Jane,” said I, when my niece and Mary were fairly gone, “bring up tea, and tell your master and Master Robert.”

“Master's out, mum; and said he shouldn't be home to tea, but would have a quiet cup by himself, like, when he did come.”

“Well then, Jane, you need not bring up the urn for Master Robert and me. The black kettle will do. Here, Robert, my dear,” said I to my nephew, as I handed him his cup, “sit there by the fire. We'll have our tea quite cosily together.” So I drew the small table, with my small Rockingham tea-pot,

and the black kettle, and his thick bread and butter, and my muffin, between us; and we sat, one on each side of the fire, as comfortable as could be. Just then, there was a ring at our bell. "What can that be, Robert?" said I.

"The post, perhaps, aunt, or my boots come from being mended."

"Please, mum, it's master, and two foreign gentlemen," said Jane, as she entered, looking much flurried.

"Good Heavens!" cried I, as I rose precipitately, upsetting, as I did so, our small table; so that nearly all our store of milk was on the floor, mixing with the tea and water, and bearing in its current my unfortunate muffin, just as the gentlemen entered the room.

"Why, my dearest Anne, what a state you are in," said my husband, after he had introduced me to the two foreigners. In answer to my husband's question, I faltered out that "I did not expect him." And it never struck me till afterwards, how strange it must have appeared to foreigners, that the sight of a husband unexpectedly should cause the wife to upset her tea-table. But now my mind was much relieved by the sight of my faithful Jane bringing in our best tea-service and silver teapot, which she depos-

ited on the large dining-table. Then she quickly cleared away my broken Rockingham, the black kettle, muffin, etc.; but, to my horror, replaced the milk-jug on the table.

"What, Jane, is there no more milk?" whispered I.

"No, mum, not a drop," whispered she in return. I had just given the kitten the last, when master rung."

"Then you must fetch some directly," whispered I. And now, with the hissing urn and the best tea-service before me, and the prospect of more milk speedily, I thought my troubles were at an end.

"Anne, my dear, you have given me no milk," said my husband.

"I thought you did not like it," said I, in a rather significant tone; endeavoring to make signs that I had none. But my poor husband never could take a hint, so he passed his cup all the same, and I was obliged to tell him he must wait till Jane brought it up.

Another ring—"Ah, that reminds me," said my husband, "that I asked Belmont and his wife to come and take a friendly cup of tea with us."

"Mr. and Mrs. Belmont!" repeated I.

"Yes, and they are on their bridal tour; she is a

most elegant woman, and it was a very good match for Belmont in money matters."

"Mr. and Mrs. Belmont," announced Jane, with her bonnet and shawl on, ready to go for the milk.

"Mrs. Mordaunt, allow me to introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Belmont to me. The lady bowed coldly, as if she felt that she was an elegant woman, and an excellent match;—and now behold us! My cheeks flushed, my hair untidy, no milk, and the elegant bride by my side, making a placid remark, on the weather!!

The milk came—the tea was over, and the company safe in our drawing-room; as I led my bride up, I whispered to Jane, when we had been up about five minutes to come and say somebody wanted to speak to me, as I must see about the supper. The little *ruse* answered; I gravely asked the bride to excuse me for a moment, and then rose and left the room.

"Jane, just go and fetch me two shillings' worth of tarts and cheesecakes," said I. Jane ran for her bonnet. "And, Jane," I cried after her, "before you go, ask Master Robert to go to the bell, if it rings while you are out." "Yes, mum," she answered, in the distance. I wonder if she heard me at that distance," thought I; "but surely she would not have

answered if she had not." Just as I had finished my preparations, there was a ring at the bell; "I will wait and see who it is," thought I, "before I go up stairs again." So I waited, but no one came. The bell rang again. I ran up to the drawing-room wildly, and opened the door; the bride stared, I shut it again, Robert was not there. "Robert," cried I, at the top of my voice; faintly I heard, "Yes, aunt."

"Where in the world are you?" I cried angrily.

"In bed, aunt."

"Oh, you naughty, unfeeling boy, to go to bed when you might be of so much use," I screamed, as I rushed down stairs to open the door. I did open the door, and what met my astonished gaze?—the Heriotts, the Blanters, and the Callers!—all in full dress, guests my husband had invited to meet the bride!

I muttered, I blushed, I made excuses, which of course made every thing worse, and eventually led the new comers into my drawing-room; and there, what met my sight?—one of the foreigners on the floor in strong convulsions. My husband was trying to revive him; he held up his head, while the other foreigner was rushing about the room like one distracted, seizing every thing in the shape of a scent-bottle, which he

applied either to the other's nose, or in spilling over his face; and, at the other end of the room the placid bride had fainted in the arms of her husband, who was in vain endeavoring to revive her.

"Let Jane bring some cold water, and you get your sal-volatile,—and, stay, send Mary for Dr. Rent," cried my husband.

"Alas!" shrieked I, "I have no servant at home." I left the room, I ran and fetched the water, I fetched the sal-volatile, and as I returned I saw the astonished Robert, wrapped in an old dressing-gown of my husband's, peeping in at the door, and sobbing, "I didn't want to go to bed; but Jane said you called after her, and said I was to go to bed, and so I did." Regardless of his costume, I made him help me bring in the water. Between us we revived the lady, and by the time Jane came back, the gentleman was well enough to be removed in a cab. The other guests were dispersed before. Then, when all were gone, I threw myself upon a sofa: "John," said I, "it will be the death of me, if you ever do such a thing again."

I do think John was moved at my sufferings, for this has been my last experience as to being taken ~~unaware~~.

DUTY:

A TALE.

STERN Lawgiver! yet dost thou wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor knew we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
are fresh and strong.

WORDSWORTH.

“WHY do you dwell so much, dear mamma, upon the necessity of acting from a principle of duty? It seems so cold and severe a word! and it is so much easier and happier to obey you and papa because I love you, than because it is my *duty* to do so.” As Lucy Edwardes gave utterance to these words, she fixed her eyes with so fond and earnest a gaze upon

her mother, that Mrs. Edwardes looked sadly on her for a moment; but her pale countenance was soon lighted up by a soft tender smile, such as mothers only can bestow upon their offspring, and she replied, "may it long be your privilege, my child, to obey your parents joyously and freely as you do now, but, perhaps, in after life, you may remember your mother's word, that affection is never so pure or steadfast as when it is guided and controlled by duty. — Duty, not cold and stern, as it exists in your imagination, but tender and gentle amid its high and firm resolves. — Duty, such as I trust will be familiar to your heart, when the earlier and more ardent impulses of affection may have passed away. . . . But I will not enlarge on this subject now, as it seems distasteful to you, my love;" added Mrs. Edwardes, while her head sank back upon her couch, as if she were wearied by the effort of speaking. Lucy pressed to her lips her mother's hand, which she had held within her own during the brief moments of their conversation; and rising from the footstool whereon she had been seated, entered the conservatory, near whose open door, the invalid's sofa was placed, and plucking a sprig of heliotrope, which she knew to be her mother's favorite flower, laid it on the work-table at her side. Mrs.

Edwardes smiled gratefully upon her daughter; and Lucy inquired whether she would like some music. — “Yes, let me have one of your beautiful Scotch airs.” — “Or my last new Italian song, mamma?” — “Whichever suits your own taste best, my love.” — Lucy seated herself at the piano, and poured forth a full tide of song, which at other times would have gratified her mother's ear; but the closed eye and hectic flush bespoke suffering too acute to be soothed by mortal melody.

All this while, Mrs. Edwardes had been watched by another anxious eye; for Lucy had a sister, about a year older than herself; and just then, Marion Edwardes was seated at the other end of the drawing-room, seemingly engaged in sketching, but her pencil was held in silent thoughtfulness, while she looked earnestly towards her mother. After a moment's hesitation, she arose and going into the next room, brought back a restorative which she offered to the invalid; a look of grateful love rewarded her consideration, and she inquired in a low voice: “Is the music too much for you, mamma?” — “Oh, no; don't mar Lucy's pleasure: I am stronger again.” — But Marion turned round and whispered to her sister, “I think, Lucy, some simpler melody would please

mamma better, for she does not seem well enough to-day to enjoy such brilliant music." — "That is just one of your old-fashioned notions, Marion; as if an air of Bellini's could be more hurtful than some ditty which has been sung for ages by shepherds and ploughboys! . . . but if mamma is suffering, I had better not play at all," she continued; and closing the instrument, rose up from her seat. Observing that Marion looked grieved, she added in a contrite tone: "I hope, dearest Marion, you are not displeased with me; I would not vex you for worlds." — So saying she kissed her cheek, and resuming her embroidery, seated herself once more at her mother's side.

This little scene had passed behind Mrs. Edwardes' couch, but she had overheard some of her children's words, and her eye rested anxiously on them both. The entrance of her husband introduced new topics of conversation, and as she exerted herself to enliven the leisure hour which was always devoted to her, he could not realize to himself that the being, whose soft cheerfulness and harmless wit formed the delight of his home, was about to pass away like a shadow from the face of the earth.

A year had elapsed since the day just alluded to.

The sun shone as brightly as ever upon the gay conservatory, whose fragrance had often been so grateful to the drooping invalid. The sound of music was still heard within that pleasant drawing-room. Books and work were, as heretofore, scattered throughout the apartment. But she, whose presence had once shed a calm joy around these household comforts, was gone: and her young daughters looked sad and desolate in their sable garments. Yet theirs was the sadness of a spring morning, whose clouds and sunshine are so happily blended together, that one would not give up the tempered brightness of that changeful sky for the brilliancy of the noontide hour. She who was gone hence, had spoken words of peace and hope which dwelt within their hearts, as pledges of their mother's bliss; and her spirit seemed to hover around their domestic hearth, binding together more closely than ever those who were dearest to her on earth. Her widowed husband seemed to centre all his love and all his hopes in his two daughters, who now formed his only household treasures.

Marion and Lucy were at an age which peculiarly needed a mother's care, for they were just springing into womanhood; but all that a father's tenderness could supply was bestowed by Mr. Edwardes, who, in

each leisure hour, directed their studies, shared in their pursuits, and gave them every healthful recreation they could desire. He seemed to live for his children, and they loved him with that devoted affection which is the happiest bond between a father and his daughters. Marion was his daily counsellor and stay, for she united to all the freshness of seventeen, the ripened judgment of a more advanced age; but Lucy was his pride and his darling. Her dark eyes rested on him with such fond affection—her childlike playfulness was so bewitching—her voice so full of sweet modulation! Yes, Lucy was her father's favorite, and she knew it.

In the earlier days of his widowhood, Mr. Edwardes had turned chiefly to Marion for comfort, and her silent tears were his best earthly solace; but as his grief became less poignant, he found relief in the society of his younger daughter, whose occasional bursts of sorrow were less oppressive to his spirits than the quiet sadness of her sister.

As time wore on, Marion spoke more rarely than heretofore of her beloved mother, whose image, however, dwelt within her heart, and whose words she treasured up as a storehouse of wisdom and consolation. Lucy, on the other hand, loved to talk with

her father of the being so dear to them both; and these conversations tended to lighten the burden of their sorrow, and to prepare them for a participation in other thoughts and joys, connected with the present rather than with the past.

It was a calm autumn evening. The sisters were standing together in a bay window, from whence they watched the setting sun as it sank behind the distant hills which bounded their horizon. Marion's hand rested on her sister's shoulder, and it seemed as though some painful recollection had been awakened by the beauty of the scene, for a tear stole down her cheek, which, being observed by Lucy, she gently kissed away. At this moment their father entered with an open note in his hand.

"Here is an invitation for you, my children, to Florence-court."

"Are we to go?"

"May we go?" escaped at the same moment, from Marion and Lucy's lips.

"Just as you please; for I have no wish to deprive you of any innocent enjoyment. What say you, my grave and gentle Marion?" inquired Mr. Edwardes, addressing his eldest daughter.

"Oh, papa, as far as my choice is concerned," began

Marion, but perceiving a shade of disappointment on Lucy's countenance, she added, "let dear Lucy decide; I will do whatever she likes best."

Lucy's features lighted up as she expressed the delight it would give her to accept Lady Leslie's invitation, saying that Isabel Leslie was such a charming person that she longed to see her again.

"Well, my little enthusiast, you shall go there; but this is rather an impromptu friendship you have formed for Miss Leslie; you have met but once — besides, she is several years older than you are."

"Yes, yes, papa; but she is so beautiful and so kind, and sings so divinely! I cannot help loving her."

Mr. Edwardes rallied her for a few moments longer, and then returned to his study. Marion looked rather graver than usual; but Lucy was too happy in anticipation of the morrow, to observe her sister's saddened aspect.

The second year of Mr. Edwardes' widowhood had passed away, and the beloved mother of his children was about to be replaced by a younger and more beautiful companion. Isabella Leslie was on the eve of becoming the mistress of Hazlewood. Lucy's heart leaped with joy at the prospect of having her friend

the inmate of her home, so that she could enjoy her society without the many interruptions which had of late somewhat excited her impatient disposition. There was but one drawback to her happiness. She could not conceal from herself that the union in which she so fondly rejoiced, was painfully unwelcome to her sister. Marion's calm smile and quiet demeanor might have deceived an ordinary observer; but the eye of affection could detect a struggling heart beneath this peaceful exterior. This discovery would have affected Lucy still more deeply, had she not thought it strangely unreasonable of Marion not to share in the ardent attachment she felt for her friend. At times, the remembrance that her mother had not desired the acquaintance of the Leslie's family for her children, would give her a momentary pang; but this unwelcome thought was quickly expelled by her determination to believe, that had Isabella's excellences been known to her mother, she would gladly have chosen her as the companion of her daughters.

The bridal pair had returned from their wedding tour, and on their arrival at home, Isabella was greeted by Lucy with the same ardent enthusiasm which had marked her attachment since the first day of their meeting; Marion was there too, and in the cordial

welcome she gave her father's wife, no shade of gloom was suffered to overcloud this their first family meeting. Mr. Edwardes was too much engrossed with his own happiness to observe the changing color of his eldest daughter at this trying moment; but the haughty expression of Isabella's eye, as her glance rested on Marion, showed that there was one at least who had detected the hidden feelings of her heart. Isabella was not destitute of many good qualities, but her natural vanity had been fostered by an injudicious mother into arrogance and self-conceit. Alas! how often does mistaken affection check the unfolding of kindly virtues within the bosom of its idol! even like some parasitic creepers which stifle the blossoms of those fragrant shrubs around which they have entwined themselves with an aspect of clinging tenderness.

The sisters were now emancipated from the restraints of the schoolroom, but their old place of study was still appropriated to their exclusive use; and there, a few hours were daily spent by Marion in reading or in other favorite pursuits. There too, she often sought refuge from petty mortifications which awaited her in the drawing-room; nor did she ever trust herself to rejoin the domestic circle, until she had obtained

strength to fulfil cheerfully the new duties which were now allotted to her.

In this quiet apartment she was seated one afternoon, when Lucy rushed into the room, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck, exclaimed passionately, "You are the only one now left to love or care for me, dearest Marion! Oh how bitter it is to be deceived where one has trusted so fondly — so entirely!"

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired Marion, with an anxious look.

"You know, Marion, how I have devoted every thought to my father and Isabella, — how I longed for their union, — how I rejoiced at its accomplishment. Well, they no longer care for me. I am not necessary to their happiness; nay, my presence seems unwelcome to them; but," added she, rising up with an air of offended dignity, — "I will not tamely submit to such insulting treatment. They shall learn that I can exist without them. The world is wide enough for them and me."

Marion, though used to occasional outbursts of her sister's ardent temper, looked perplexed and grieved. After a moment's hesitation, she said: "Surely, you are mistaken, Lucy; although papa has, of course, less

leisure to bestow on us now than in former days, yet he is very kind; and as for Isabella, it is impossible but that she should love you."

"Yes, with such love as a stepmother may bestow, but not such as I have a right to expect from my chosen friend. And, as for papa, he is so engrossed with his young wife, that I believe, at heart, he cares very little for you or me, although *you* may choose to believe the contrary; for *my* part, I will not be deceived by him or by Isabella either."

"Dear, dear Lucy," said Marion gravely, "do you remember that he is our father, and that it is our duty to love him, and to love her for his sake?"

"*Duty!* that is so like you, Marion. You are a very wise teacher truly, but you cannot make me love by rule," said Lucy scornfully.

"Indeed, I did not mean to *teach* you, dear Lucy; but you cannot forget who it was," she added with a trembling lip, "who it was that taught us that Duty was the highest and holiest principle of life. You cannot forget who it was that warned us how the strongest affection might sometimes waver, if not controlled and guided by a sense of duty."

Lucy burst into tears, and throwing herself anew into her sister's arms, cried out, "Ah! my beloved

mother, would that she were here again, to pity and direct us."

"We cannot recall her, dearest Lucy, nor, perhaps, ought we to wish to do so; but may we not best cherish her memory by endeavoring to obey all her wishes concerning us?"

"It is so hard! so very hard!" observed Lucy. "You cannot know, Marion, how difficult it is to be gentle and loving to those who are wounding and annoying you; for you are naturally so kind and good that you have no struggle in doing what is right."

"No struggle!" replied Marion, mournfully. "Oh, Lucy! how little do you know of the long, bitter struggles I have had before it was possible for me to overcome painful and rebellious feelings, so as to be able cheerfully to fulfil the duties of my present position."

"Is it possible, dearest Marion? and I knew nothing about it. How cold, how hateful, you must have thought me!"

"No, no. I always felt sure that you loved me, although we seemed unhappily to be estranged for a while."

"Oh! I shall never—never be like you, my dear, good Marion," said Lucy, in a renewed agony of grief.

“Say not so, dearest Lucy; for are we not both equally weak and frail in our best resolutions? and have we not the same unfailing promise of strength to cheer and support us in every time of trial? Only let us ask earnestly for it, and act honestly up to our convictions of what is right, then all will be well, and happy too.”

“Happy!” reëchoed Lucy, with an incredulous smile.

“Yes, happy, my dearest sister; for we cannot but remember how often our beloved mother told us, that the path of duty is the way to happiness, even in this present life.”

We will now pass over two years of the domestic life at Hazlewood; and, at the end of this period, we find Isabella the mother of a lovely boy, whose birth had made her dearer than ever to Mr. Edwardes; indeed, the little stranger seemed to be a sweet bond of love, drawing the whole household nearer to one another.

Hour after hour Marion would steal into the nursery to gaze upon her new-born brother, and her gentle caresses soon made her welcome to the infant. As for Lucy, her admiration of him was unbounded; and Isabella, whose whole being seemed softened

and elevated by the new sensation of maternal love, could not but look kindly upon those by whom her little one was so tenderly cherished.

Alas! a worm was within this early bud of domestic joy. Isabella saw her babe droop and wither at a time when her own failing health rendered her unable to yield all those fond offices of love which a mother best can bestow. Marion supplied her place with untiring devotion; nor was Lucy less anxious to watch over her dying brother; but the ardor of her spirit somewhat disqualified her for the patient stillness which a sick room requires. Marion directed her zeal into the more active channel of attendance on Isabella, whose indisposition, combined with anxiety, often made her sensitive and irritable. This was a time of trial to the new-formed principles of Lucy; but, amid some failures and discouragements, she gradually learned the blessedness of forbearing, as well as of acting from a sense of duty. Keeping this high aim steadily in view, she found, moreover, that insensibly her affection for Isabella was reviving, and that it was no longer a passionate emotion, but a kindly, unselfish love.

When Isabella came to suffer that bitter anguish which a bereaved mother alone can know, Lucy saw

without jealousy that she turned intuitively to Marion for comfort; — to Marion, who had borne with Christian meekness her neglect and scorn; — to Marion, who had fostered her little one with unwearied tenderness. To her she now sought for sympathy; and it was yielded to her in all its gentle and unalloyed purity, fresh from the fountain-head of mercy and of love.

The first agony of maternal grief was past, and Isabella, unwilling to make others more miserable by indulging in the luxury of solitary woe, had rejoined the domestic circle. It was a cold autumn evening, and the family party were collected around their fireside, at that twilight hour when English reserve is wont to be unlocked, and the thoughts of English hearts to be more freely spoken. Isabella had just placed on Marion's finger a mourning ring, in remembrance of the babe who was so dear to them both, and almost involuntarily she pressed the finger, with its precious burthen, to her lips.

"Oh, Marion," she exclaimed, "how could I have been so cruel to you; and how were you able to bear so gently with my unkindness?"

"Surely, it was my duty to do so; besides, you never *meant* to be cruel or unkind, dear Isabella."

"Not deliberately, perhaps, but that is no excuse

for my conduct, neither can I be so ungenerous as to accept it as such."

"That confession is worthy of you, my noble-minded Isabella," said Mr. Edwardes to his wife; "nor can I feel myself guiltless of having somewhat neglected those who are very dear to me; but how can we atone better for past errors, than by acting for the future on Marion's principle?"

"Not mine, dear papa, do not call it mine; it was taught us by our beloved mother, and you know from what high and holy source she drew it."

Isabella drew a deep sigh. "Ah! Marion, what a treasure your mother must have been; would that I were like her."

"That is a wish, which every heart here might well reëcho for itself," rejoined her husband; "but why, dearest, should we not adopt the same principles which were her guide, and seek for the same strength which was her stay? then we, too, shall know the happiness arising from a steady adherence to duty, and which, my children," he added, with a look of affection upon his daughters, "which my children, I rejoice to think, have already found."

Isabella's glance bespoke a deep though silent acquiescence. Lucy almost sobbed for joy, as she

threw herself into Isabella's arms, exclaiming, "Ah! we shall all be happy again, shall we not? dear Isabella."

The mother's heart had been too recently wrung with misery to respond cheerfully to Lucy's expectation of happiness; but, while returning her affectionate embrace, she whispered, "We shall, at least, have a home of peace and love."

"And shall we not indulge in bright hope too?" inquired Marion, softly. A gentle pressure of her hand was the only answer given.

Mr. Edwardes sat silently by, gazing upon his wife and daughters; his look was one of tenderness and admiration.

That twilight conversation was prolonged until the shades of night fell thickly around the inmates of Hazlewood; and that dull autumn evening, which began with such sorrowful reminiscences, was followed by a long course of tranquil happiness, such as can only be experienced by those whose love has been strengthened by trial, and whose most ardent affections are swayed by the firm yet gentle hand of Duty.

MUSIC AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH, ESQ.

MUSIC is peculiarly a ~~female~~^{manly} accomplishment. When cultivated with regard to its true nature and its real purpose, it brings into view some of the finest features of woman's mind, and contributes to the fulfilment of one part, at least, of woman's mission — that of shedding a softening and refining influence over human society. It is not by brilliant displays of artistic acquirement and skill, that music exerts its power in the circles of private life; it is in its simpler forms, and by its melody, its grace, its expression, and the additional charm with which it clothes sweet and pathetic poetry, that it arrests the attention and touches the heart. And this is the case, as much in the gay and fashionable party as in the privacy of the domestic fire-side; though it is in the latter situation that Music appears in her fairest aspect, and bestows her best blessings.

Music is at present deprived of most of its charms and most of its benefits by its end being mistaken. It is regarded as the means of display, and with this view its tuition is almost entirely conducted. Ladies learn to sing, and to play on the pianoforte and the harp, in order that they may "show off" when they go into company. They spend an inordinate quantity of time, labor, and expense, in the acquirement of this one accomplishment; they give enormous sums to fashionable teachers, who make fortunes out of the prevailing folly; they practise three or four hours a day for years together, to the neglect of more important and necessary studies; and what, in nine cases out of ten, is the result? When a young lady, thus "highly accomplished," brings her dearly-bought accomplishment into action, what does it avail her? She is, naturally enough, eager to display that which she has made it the chief business of her life to attain; and consequently makes a point of singing and playing as much as possible whenever she can find an audience. Poor girl! she is little aware how thanklessly her efforts are received. Instead of admiration she excites nothing but ennui. Her bravura of Donizetti, or fantasia of Thalberg, is the signal for a general buzz of conversation, which she alone is too preoccupied

to hear; or, if a sense of politeness imposes silence as a duty, the constraint only heightens the annoyance and impatience of the company. When the elaborate performance is over, it is followed by a profusion of thanks and compliments; those who talked the loudest while it lasted being the loudest also in professing the delight and admiration it has given them. The fair musician's vanity is flattered; and she goes home quite unaware of the real impression she has made, and perhaps exulting in an imagined triumph over some less successful rival. All this is so notorious, that a highly-educated musical lady has come to be looked upon as a bore, and music itself is felt, by those who suffer from its inflictions, to be a social nuisance.

But the highly-educated musical lady, who "bestows so much of her tediousness" on society, is more to be pitied than blamed. She is the hapless victim of a course of education which not only fails in its direct object, but by precluding her from pursuing objects of greater moment, tends to make her ignorant, frivolous, and vain. The blame rests with her parents and friends, who ought to have sounder views of what is really necessary to form her mind and promote her happiness.

It ought to be considered, that music *cannot*, in

private society, be successfully used for the sake of display. In the present state of the art, no *amateur* performer can hope to excite pleasure or admiration by means of vocal power or great execution. It is not now as it was once. At present, such is the variety of public concerts, operas, and musical performances of every kind, that the great body of the public are quite accustomed to hear the principal singers and instrumentalists — are able to appreciate their qualities and criticise their defects. A lady in a drawing-room, who sits down to entertain a company with a “scena” from an Italian opera, or a brilliant production of some fashionable pianist, ought to remember that probably every body in the room has heard the same piece sung by Grisi or Jenny Lind, or played by Thalberg or Dulcken; and that she is exposing herself to an unpleasant comparison, by attempting lamely and imperfectly what the company have heard executed with finished excellence; and this will be the case, even though she may be, *for an amateur*, a really superior performer. But the truth is, that not one lady-amateur in a thousand who makes such ambitious attempts, can acquit herself even decently. If she sings, it is a thousand to one that she strains and forces her voice out of all tone and tune, and trans-

forms the brilliant roulades of the composer into inarticulate screams; if she plays, that she produces a mere clatter of unmeaning noise and confusion. And these enormities are committed by persons who, confining themselves within the limits of their own powers and attainments, might really "discourse most eloquent music," and gratify the ears as well as touch the feelings of their listeners.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best music is the most difficult of execution. The very reverse, generally speaking, is the case. Music of a high order certainly demands high gifts and attainments on the part of the performer. But the gifts of nature may be possessed by the amateur as well as by the professor; and the attainments of art may be the result of moderate study and application. A young lady possessed of a sweet and tunable voice, a good ear, intelligence, and feeling, may cultivate music in its grandest and most beautiful forms, and may render its practice a source of the purest enjoyment, not only to herself but to her domestic and social circle.

Many ladies do this, but they have not been fashionably educated. Sense and reason, not the prevailing example, have been consulted in their studies, and the result has made them really accomplished musicians.

In order to become so, every natural gift must be cultivated by solid instruction. The principles of the art must be well understood. The rules of harmony and composition must be studied so far as to enable the pupil, if not to compose, to comprehend the designs of the composer, and the technical means whereby he produces his effects. The voice must be strengthened and purified, ungainly habits must be removed, and distinct utterance and elocution acquired. The mind must be opened, and the taste exalted and refined, by acquaintance with the finest productions of the art—an acquaintance which ought to extend from the Oratorio of Handel to the national ballad. With the young pianist a similar course should be pursued. A correct method of fingering, and a familiarity with the scale in every variety of key, must be imparted at the outset; and this will give a command of the instrument quite sufficient for every purpose of an amateur performer.

A lady so educated is far above making music the means of frivolous display. She never commits the folly of endeavoring to rival professional artists in the achievement of *tours de force*, and thus exciting ridicule instead of admiration, and causing weariness instead of pleasure. She selects her music from every

branch of the art, choosing what she knows to be suitable to her powers, and what her taste tells her is intrinsically good and beautiful. In such music she may feel without vanity (and her hearers will feel so too), that she subjects herself to no disparaging contrasts; and a well-grounded but modest confidence will enable her to do justice to her own talents. Such a singer will be at no loss for resources. She will find them in the works of every school in Europe, not excepting even (when discreetly chosen) the gems of the modern Italian and German stage. She will be able to give power to the inspired strains of Handel, grace to the charming melodies of Mozart, and truth and pathos to the simplest effusion of the rustic muse of Ireland or Scotland.

Concerted music, both vocal and instrumental, is getting more and more into use, in society. It is no unusual thing to see a small party of ladies and gentlemen grouped round the pianoforte, and engaged in singing the duets, trios, and quartets of some fine Italian, German, or English opera; and the chamber trios and quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Reissiger, etc., for the pianoforte, violin, flute, and violincello, give a delightful variety to the enjoyments of a social musical evening. On these occasions the

most prominent parts of the performance fall to the ladies; and those ladies only can acquit themselves with intelligence, steadiness, and effect, who have had a sound and substantial musical education. The dashing bravura singer, and the pianist who aspires to emulate Thalberg, are helpless and useless in music like this. In their vain endeavors to gain the power of dazzling and astonishing, by exhibitions of vocal and manual agility, they have wasted ten times the amount of toil that would have enabled them to join in those musical conversations which abound in the fairest flowers of genius, and the richest treasures of art,—conversations which afford delightful pastime to those who carry them on, and, when supported with grace, spirit, and feeling, never fail to engage the animated attention of the listener.

We are not to suppose, however, that music, like reading and writing, “comes by nature.” Nature supplies the requisite gifts; and when these are wanting, it is best not to attempt the pursuit. What can be more absurd and more pitiable, than to see an unfortunate victim of fashion condemned to scream and thump the keys of the piano for several miserable hours daily, without voice, ear, inclination, or the slightest hope of success, while some fine talent that

she really possesses is left wholly neglected? When the natural gifts do exist, it requires careful and judicious cultivation to render them productive of fruit. In this fastidious age, even the simplest music demands a pure style and nice execution; and the presence or absence of these will be apparent even in the performance of a ballad or a waltz. But, so much being necessary, it is the more essential that the youthful pupil should be spared what is *not* necessary; and it is any thing but necessary to lead her to seek the gratification of vanity—and to find nothing but disappointment and mortification—by emulating the mechanical achievements of professional artists.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUE LOVE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

IN the deep bay-window of the library of Oldcourt sat two girls absorbed in honest discourse; the varying expression of their faces, as the conversation proceeded, showed that the subject which occupied them was one of strong and peculiar interest to both. They were beautiful, but their beauty differed as the hues of Spring and Autumn. The youngest was graceful as Hebe herself; her bright hazel eyes sparkled with gayety or melted into tenderness; now quick as lightning flashed from beneath their long silken lashes, and then overflowed with tears, as some softer emotion touched her heart; her rich auburn hair fell in wild beauty over her snowy neck, and her form, slender as a sylph's, was replete with grace;—formed to love and to be loved, she seemed too bright and joyous a creature to face the cares and troubles of this world. The countenance of the other, on the contrary, was

remarkable for its calm serenity ; her fair high forehead bespoke a powerful intellect, and the pensive expression of her clear gray eyes, while it spoke of past suffering, told of present peace, and far from marring the perfect beauty of her face, gave it a character so pure, so heavenly, that unconsciously a reverence mingled with the love which she inspired.

"Margaret," said the younger girl, "I wish you were as happy as I am ; surely you cannot love my brother as I love Alfred, or you would not to-night look so serious."

"If it is a proof of love to be always merry," said Margaret, with a smile, "then, indeed, must I plead guilty to your charge."

"No, Margaret, I do not mean exactly that ; but love seems to me so absorbing a feeling, that it should drive all care, all clouds, away. I should think it high treason to my love for Alfred," she added, with a blush, "to be sad to-night."

"I am not sad, Emily ; thoughtful I cannot but be on the eve of such a day."

A shade of disappointment crossed Emily's face, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Margaret ! I thought that you loved Edward with your whole heart."

"Do you doubt it ? Do you not know that I

have loved your brother for years, and that to-morrow I am to become his wife? Could I marry him unless I loved him?"

"No, dearest! I could never doubt you, who are the soul of truth and goodness; but your present feelings are so strangely different from my own. To-morrow I too, shall become a wife; but the thought which brings only rapture to me, makes you grave and full of care."

"I am older than you, my dear Emily, and, therefore, less sanguine. I have, however, no fears for the future that interfere with my present peace of mind; in Edward's noble character, sweet temper, and firm religious principles, I shall find a secure anchorage for my happiness. I love him, and trust him implicitly; and yet I cannot take this important step without some anxiety. When I think how high Edward's standard is, and that he has chosen me to be the friend and companion of his life, I tremble lest I may fail him."

"Fail him! Oh, Margaret! can you believe it possible that your love should ever change?"

"No! not while life and reason last; but there must be a higher, sterner principle than even love itself, to guide us safely through the dangers of this

life. Impulse is at best an uncertain pilot; and love, without reason, often leads to misery."

"Love—such love as I feel for Alfred—can never mislead. I love him better than myself, better than the whole world beside; to live for him, to die for him, is all I ask. With him every joy will be doubled; nay, pain and care themselves will lose their bitterness when endured for him. Such love as this fills the heart, to the exclusion of every doubt, of every fear."

Tears rolled down Margaret's cheeks as she gazed on the enthusiastic girl; for she knew that time must dispel her dream, as care and trouble are the portion of all, and sorrow too often visits us through the beings we love best. Drawing the fair girl close to her, she imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her brow, and whispered a prayer that it might be long ere the brightness of that spirit should be dimmed by sorrow.

The following morning dawned in perfect beauty; the sunshine streaming through the deep-set windows awakened all to the business of the day. Oldcourt had never before witnessed such a scene—the whole neighborhood was astir at early dawn; trains of villagers flocked from all parts, eager to be present at the important ceremony, and to join their voices to the prayers and blessings that were showered on the

young people whose weddings were that day to be celebrated.

The noble domain of Oldcourt, and the large estates thereto belonging, had for many centuries been in the possession of one family, who had transmitted their rich acres, together with a fair unsullied name, from generation to generation. Simple and unostentatious in their habits, upright and liberal in their dealings, the Mortons were respected by their aristocratic neighbors, revered by their equals, and idolized by their tenantry and dependants. Marmaduke Morton, the present head of the family, was a fine specimen of an English country gentleman; his noble countenance and demeanor bespoke that independence of character which is found peculiarly amongst the class to which he belonged; and while his courteous manners won the love of all, no one had ever dared to take a liberty with him, or infringe the bounds of intimacy he prescribed. He had two children; a son, in whom his hopes centered; and a daughter, whose gay, volatile nature, while it shed sunshine through the house, yet caused her parents many an anxious hour. Emily had been from infancy the petted darling of the family; her sparkling vivacity, graceful figure, and beaming countenance, rendered her so fascinating,

that her faults were unheeded; she took the heart by storm, and if reason would at times have whispered blame, she disarmed it by an ingenuous confession of her folly, or by the playfulness with which she parried all attempts at remonstrance. Her brother Edward was the idol of her heart; thoughtless and giddy as she was, she had sense to perceive, and a heart to feel, the beauty of his character. Edward was worthy her affection; trained under the careful eye of his parents, his education had been eminently calculated to fit him for his future position, as one of the wealthy landholders of England. His father had early taught him to regard wealth as one of "the talents" committed to man by God himself. He pointed out to him the duties and responsibilities which the possession of such an inheritance as his involved; taught him to respect the rights of all his fellow-men; and while he inculcated virtue by good and noble precepts, by his own example, more potent far, he won the heart of his son to love it for itself. Edward inherited his mother's gentle nature, and to her he was indebted not only for the softer graces of his character, but for a reverence for holy things, which, imbibed in childhood, had in after years matured into deep religious feeling. Yet must we

confess that this gentleness often degenerated into indecision, and led him at times to acts unsanctioned by his better judgment.

Within a mile of Oldcourt, nestled amidst the hills, lay a beautiful old manor-house, called the Grange; a fine avenue of chestnut trees led to the house, which looked the abode of peace and happiness. The large mullion windows were twined with the most luxuriant climbing plants; the deep porch, embosomed in roses and myrtles, opened into a spacious hall, the walls of which were ornamented with antlers, whips, horns, and other implements of the chase, without any pretension or show; and there was throughout the house an air of refinement and elegance which none could mistake. Many might have called the old house dull, but none who had ever enjoyed its boundless hospitality, or breathed its atmosphere of tranquil happiness, would have uttered such treason. In this peaceful spot had dwelt for many years a family of the name of Grahame; in its happiest days five daughters and one son had gladdened the hearts of their parents; but death had been busy amongst them; four girls had followed each other in quick succession to the grave, and Margaret and her brother Alfred alone remained to cheer their aged father; their mother, a delicate fragile being, had

sunk beneath the weight of her afflictions, and now slept beside her children in the quiet churchyard. On Margaret these sorrows had fallen with peculiar severity; in her sisters she had lost the sweet companions of her childhood, and the friends of her youth; she beheld them, one by one, sinking to the grave, with calm fortitude, but the final blow given by her mother's death seemed to stun her. In the first moments of her grief, she had sunk into a state of dejection, from which nothing could rouse her; but as soon as the last rites were performed, Margaret awoke from her sorrow, and in the efforts she made for those she loved, she found a peace which the world cannot give: none knew, however, that her calm, unselfish conduct, concealed a sad and weary spirit—none knew, but one beloved friend; to him she had long confided her most secret feelings, and in his devoted love had found the sweetest consolation earth could afford. Edward Morton had loved her since they had first played together as children, and time had ripened these youthful feelings into a firm and enduring attachment. Margaret had yielded a slow consent to listen to his vows of love; sorrow had left an indelible impression on her character; she viewed life, if not gloomily, yet earnestly; to perform its

duties, to bear, and to suffer submissively, seemed all that she now looked for; it was therefore long before Edward could induce her to seek in his affection a new source of hope and comfort. "No, Edward!" she had replied to his oft-repeated entreaties, "I am not able to be to you all that a wife should be; seek not to darken your own bright future, by taking to your home so sad a heart as mine." Edward's love was too sincere, and founded on too accurate a knowledge of her excellences, to be influenced by Margaret's distrust of herself; he waited patiently, and saw with joy the veil gradually dispelled that overshadowed her noble spirit.

A circumstance soon occurred that tended to hasten their union. Mr. Grahame's pecuniary affairs had become embarrassed for a time, owing to the unexpected failure of his banker, in whose hands he had placed a large sum, preparatory to its investment in an advantageous speculation; but the retrenchments rendered necessary by this loss, were regarded as trifling evils where so much real sorrow existed. On Alfred's prospects, however, this event exercised an important influence; he had passed through college with honor, and had just returned home, uncertain what path in life to choose, when this misfortune

happened. It incited him to immediate action, and stimulated him to secure an independence by the pursuit of an honorable profession. The law was his choice; his talents were great, and the excellence of his connections promised him a shorter probation as a briefless barrister, than is the lot of most young men. Alfred Grahame was by nature sanguine and ardent, perceiving no evil until it was forced upon him in its stern reality, thinking all men true, until compelled by their acts to acknowledge them otherwise; he was the very reverse of his sister; life to him was all brightness; sorrow, though acutely felt for the time, glanced off his gay spirit, as arrows from the polished steel; to live and to enjoy were synonymous with him, but sorrow has its own blessed task to perform, and fails not, sooner or later, to find its way to all hearts. Alfred had been settled in London several years, and had risen high in his profession. His handsome person and refined manners, united to his brilliant powers of conversation and sparkling wit, rendered him a favorite wherever he went, and admitted him into the best circles. Society was his element; in the conflict of intellectual warfare, in the strife of gay repartee, in the sallies of sarcasm and wit, his soul delighted; the flattered and courted favorite of all, there was

reason to fear that he might become vain and selfish, when after an absence of many months he returned to the Grange.

The intimacy that subsisted between the Mortons and the Grahames had been rather increased than diminished by the events recorded above. Sorrow and distress had awakened all the best feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and what had been at first but a mere acquaintance between the two families, had, in adversity, ripened into a warm friendship. Alfred had spent but little time under his father's roof, since he first quitted it for school, and during the last two summers, his vacation had been spent in travelling; so that his visits to the Grange had been limited to a few days; it was not surprising, therefore, that he and Emily Morton had not met for several years; he remembered her as the petted plaything of her father's house, he found her a lovely woman, such an one as in his dreams he had pictured to himself, the heroine of his life's romance. There was so much in their characters mutually to attract, that it was matter of little surprise when it was reported that Alfred Grahame was the accepted lover of the fair Emily. Visions of a more splendid alliance for this darling child, might have visited her father's heart, but in

the unimpeachable honor of his family, and in the talents and rising fame of Alfred, he found ample compensation for the want of rank and fortune. Emily loved him with a passionate devotion that, in Alfred's eyes, heightened every charm; she exercised over him the most unbounded sway; it was her delight to make him feel and glory in the fetters she had cast around him, and to lead him a willing captive to her caprices. Alfred pleaded for a speedy union, urging his want of all domestic ties, and loneliness, when absent from his beloved Emily. Edward Morton, too, emboldened by the successful issue of Alfred's suit, pressed his own so earnestly, that Margaret consented that the same day should witness the marriage of the two brothers and sisters.

Our digression has been long but not unnecessary, since it enables us to recognize friends in the party now assembled round the altar in the village church of Oldcourt; the wedding arrangements have been made in accordance with the simple taste of the two families, the ceremony is performed in the quiet little church, in the midst of a numerous assembly of the tenantry and villagers; no procession of gay equipages, no retinue of servants, no splendors attend the

important event; all that can gratify the heart or please the fancy has been thought of, but cold formality finds no place on such a day; the ceremony is regarded by all parties as a solemn religious rite, not to be profaned by any worldly pomp. The church stands in the park; the path which conducts to it winds through beds of sweet flowers and wild tangled shrubberies, until it enters the open park, where, overshadowed by ancient oaks and other forest trees, beneath which herds of deer graze unmolested, it terminates in an avenue of lime trees which conducts to the little gate of the churchyard; the picturesque tower of the church, partially covered with ivy, forms a pretty object at the end of this vista. Along this path the villagers have ranged themselves, to see their beloved benefactors pass; the ground is strewn with flowers, and many a murmured blessing breaks the silence of the scene. The ceremony is ended, the irrevocable vows are uttered, and in the hearts of all there reigns a deep and holy joy, that shines forth on the countenances though the tongue utters no sound. And now the procession is seen quitting the church, dispensing with the carriages as needless appendages; the party is returning, and, as they proceed, the villagers fall into their train, forming

a long line, until they reach the house, on the lawn in front of which tables are spread, and with true English hospitality all are invited to partake of the feast. The family retire to the repast prepared for them, and soon the sound of rattling wheels announces the departure of the young people; a departure undimmed by aught of sorrow, for in such unions there is cause alone for thankful joy even in the hearts of those who are left behind.

Three months have passed away. Let us peep into a pleasant drawing-room looking into Hyde Park; beside the open window Alfred is ensconced in a lounging chair; at his feet, on a pile of cushions, her arms resting on his knee, and with eyes gazing up to him with unutterable love, Emily is kneeling; lovelier than ever, radiant with happiness, she looks more like an angel than a mortal: at least so Alfred seems to think, for, parting the luxuriant ringlets on her fair brow, he suddenly exclaims —

“Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.”

“Love me not, Alfred? The thought has madness in it;” and tears filled her eyes.

"Foolish child," said he, kissing her fervently, "I did but speak that which is impossible; the world were in truth, a chaos without thee, my heart's joy!"

"Yet, Alfred, she to whom those words were addressed, found cause to rue the day that she had listened to the voice that uttered them: 'men are deceivers ever,'—so runs the old song."

"Men may deceive, but never where they love."

"And thou dost love me," said she, with an arch smile, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse, love, and honor, and cherish—those were the words, Alfred—till death do us part?"

"Ay, Emily, till death do us part! Now let us go into the Park: the air is cooler, and a saunter beneath the trees will refresh us."

"Trees, said Emily, contemptuously, where shall we find them? Heigho! for the green sward and the old oaks of dear Oldcourt! London is suffocating in this hot weather."

"London versus Oldcourt, with me," said Alfred, gayly.

"Oh! a desert or a dungeon were Heaven with thee, beloved as thou art," said Emily, twining her arms round him in sportive fondness; "so come into the Park, and I will swear the grass is greener,

the trees finer, the air purer than in any other spot."

* * * * *

And what were Edward and Margaret doing? They had agreed to take up their residence at the Grange; Margaret could not resolve to leave her father, nor would they either of them consent to the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, that they should take possession of Oldcourt, while they sought a home more suited to their present wants and wishes, near their children;—to supplant his father there, to deprive him of any part of his estates, one day sooner than death would compel him to do, was an idea not to be harbored for a moment. The Grange was so near Oldcourt, that in fixing their residence there, Edward would still be able to help and advise with his father, while at the same time he left Margaret to comfort the declining days of her remaining parent. The evening was closing in, and Margaret was sitting beside her father's chair, having read him to sleep as usual; she remained absorbed in thought; her sweet face had lost much of its pensive expression, and a feeling of deep calm happiness seemed to pervade her whole being. There were eyes resting upon her, as she thus sate, that told volumes in the intensity

of their gaze; she raised her head and met them; a bright gleam stole over her countenance as she said, "Ah, Edward! are you there?"

"Yes, Margaret, I have been sunning myself in your quiet happiness; dearest, may I not believe my prophecy already fulfilled? Joy and peace have again taken up their abode in your breast, and I—I am the happy cause."

"Yes, Edward, day by day brings me fresh sources of contentment; could I dare to be sad, while you are beside me? Can I witness your goodness to all around you, your active beneficence, and not desire to be like you? I believed that my heart was with the dead, but you have taught me that for every being there is a sphere of usefulness and duty. You have roused me to a sense of new responsibilities, and in accepting them, I find new life, new joy springing in my heart, all this I owe to you, dear Edward!"

"And what do I not owe to you? You are my counsellor, my better self, my resource in all difficulties."

"May it ever be thus; thus mutually dependant, may we never fail each other. Will you walk to Oldcourt? I have sadly neglected my school of late,

and want to speak to Mrs. Bond about some work; will you come?"

Ours can be but glimpses into the lives of those whose history we attempt to sketch. Again we visit Emily's home. Is all there as bright as when last we saw her kneeling beside her husband? Alas, it is not so! A demon has insensibly crept into the charmed circle, and is despoiling its beauty.

"Emily, why will you not go with me to Lady Bilton's this evening?" said Alfred, laying down his book; "you know how I like to have you with me, how I delight to see you admired, as you are wherever you go."

"I am tired, I cannot go," was the only reply.

"Nay, darling, if I ask you to oblige me you will go; time was," he added, incautiously, "that you thought only of pleasing me, nothing that I could wish seemed irksome to you, but now,"—and he sighed.

"Alfred," she said, fixing her keen eye on him; "time was when I was all *you* needed, all you desired; when my love sufficed you, and in my society you found all that made existence sweet, but now,—and she paused with an abruptness that betrayed a jealous, wounded spirit.

"Now, you would say, I need other excitement."

"No, Alfred, now I would say you love me no longer!" and she buried her face in the cushion of the couch on which she was reclining.

"Emily," he exclaimed; "I love you, passionately love you; I would sacrifice life, and all I value most, to secure your happiness; but I fail in every thing; you deny me the pleasure of feeling that I succeed, in this, the first desire of my heart. I see you restless, and often, forgive the word, wilful. Love accepts no enforced sacrifices, and I shall not ask you to oblige me, if my requests are always to be met in this spirit;" so saying, he quitted the room, and quickly returned, dressed for the evening.

"Oh! Alfred, you are not going without me," she said, peevishly, raising herself on the sofa; "how cruel you are!"

"No, Emily, I am not cruel; but if you choose your part, I must take mine; I can no longer exclude myself from the society of my friends, as I have hitherto done, in accordance with your wishes; neither will I force you unwillingly into society." He bent down, kissed her, and went away.

"Poor Emily! it was the first time Alfred had shown a determination to follow his own judgment

rather than her caprices; hitherto she had led him whither she would, but the time was come when the force of habit had begun to make itself felt; he had lived too much in excitement, and Emily's power to fascinate him was already failing. Had she known that neither wit nor talent, beauty nor grace, can avail a wife in the attempt to rivet the chains which she has thrown round her lover, she might still have preserved his love and their mutual happiness; but alas, for her! a creature of impulse, she knew not that her love, to be the pure ennobling principle of life, must be founded on self-conquest; that self must be subdued, and the tyrant temper overcome, ere it can rule with its best and holiest sway; that love, to its perfect work, must be first gentle and patient, then firm and courageous, holding as its highest aim, the well-being of its object; indifferent to all that interferes with this, and ready, at every call, to sacrifice itself to ensure the happiness of the one beloved. Such was not Emily's love; she would have died to save Alfred one pang; she lived but in his presence, drooping in his absence like a flower deprived of sunshine and air; she idolized him, worshipped the ground he walked upon, but she could not yield to him one

single caprice, or for his sake control one petulant word. Poor Emily! she now hid her burning face in the sofa cushions, and with the feeling of desertion, sobbed herself to sleep. Such scenes were now, alas! too frequent; Alfred had truly loved Emily, and would have been easily won by her to become a domestic character, had she possessed the true key to his heart and mind; but she continually wounded his self-love by reproaches, which he felt to be unjust, and resented in anger. Reconciliations took place, amidst tears and protestations of unchanged and unchanging affection; but the wounds thus inflicted are never healed; they bleed inwardly, and burst out afresh on the slightest suspicion of offence.

At the Grange, on the contrary, all was peace. Margaret's disposition to sadness had gradually given place to a cheerful, healthy tone of mind; and as she bent over the cradle of her darling child, if tears stole into her eyes, they were tears of grateful joy. One thing alone startled her at times from her tranquillity; she saw that in spite of Edward's great virtues, and strong religious feelings, he needed strength of purpose, and steadiness in the pursuit of what he knew to be right. Many would have recognized in this, only one of those faults that, leaning to virtue's side,

are too easily overlooked and pardoned; but not so did Margaret view this weakness in her husband's character; she saw the dangers to which it exposed him, and, with a wisdom that love alone could have inspired, she gently warned him against them.

"I shall not go to Embleton to-day, Margaret," he said one morning.

"Why not? I thought that you had appointed to meet Sir John Gascoigne there; your father seemed to think delay might bring further trouble on the poor Ashtons; surely you will go, dearest."

"One day can make but little difference, I think; I shall be sure to meet Gascoigne at the cricket match to-morrow; I had every intention of going this morning, but Frank Ardley is just come from Oxford, and he wants me to go to Hensley to give him my opinion of a horse he wishes to purchase."

"I am sorry it has happened so unfortunately; you know best whether in this case delay is permissible, but surely appointments on business should be kept, Edward, even at the cost of disappointing Mr. Ardley."

"Why, Margaret, Ardley is such a good-natured fellow, that I do not like to refuse him."

"I thought he was no favorite of yours, Edward;

I have often heard you blame his extravagance and dissipation."

"True, my love, I have not much dependence on his principles, but he has a kind heart, and that covers a multitude of sins. Have you any commands at Hensley? We shall be home to dinner, dearest."

Edward knew that he was wrong; and hastened to make a speedy retreat, lest Margaret's arguments might divert him from his purpose; but as he drove along, his conscience smote him: it was however too late to retract. The horse was bought, and the two acquaintances were preparing to return, when they met a friend of Ardley's who persuaded them to adjourn to the hotel, where a party of Oxonians was assembled; dinner was served, and "*it was impossible*" to refuse their urgent entreaties to remain: Edward was uneasy; he knew that Margaret would wait for them, and perhaps grow anxious; but as he had never yet learned the important art of saying "No," he yielded. It was late ere they reached the Grange at night.

Margaret had indeed watched anxiously for her husband's return; during his absence Mr. Morton had called, and he expressed the greatest surprise and indignation on learning that his son was not gone to Embleton. He entreated Margaret to urge

him on his return to lose not a moment in executing the commission he had entrusted to him, adding, "By this delay Edward has not only placed in jeopardy the welfare of an honest and respectable family, but he has caused his father, whose word has hitherto been honored by all men, to forfeit a solemn promise; let Edward look well to this matter, for Marmaduke Morton cannot brook dishonor." Hour after hour passed; dinner had been announced, but Margaret could not eat; surely he would soon return; the old turret clock struck ten, eleven, still he came not; midnight was long passed when Margaret's ears, rendered keen by intense listening, detected the sound of approaching wheels. "There he is at length!" said she, and she rose to meet him; but before she reached the outer door a gentleman presented himself, who in extreme agitation apologized for the unseasonable intrusion, and asked if Mr. Morton were at home. On Margaret's replying that he was not, but that she expected him every moment, the stranger exclaimed: "It will be too late! My poor wife!" Margaret, affected by his genuine grief, invited him into the library; he tottered to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, said, "Forgive me, madam! it is a cruel blow; my wealth I could

have parted with; I have with unshaken trust laid my children in the grave, for death is God's own messenger; but disgrace, dishonor, ruin—oh, it is too much!" and the unhappy man burst into an agony of tears.

"Calm yourself," said Margaret; "I believe I see my husband's friend, Mr. Ashton; Mr. Morton will be here ere long, and all will be right; he will do all he can to aid you."

Her kind words and kinder tones in some degree reassured Mr. Ashton, and he went on to say, "If before nine o'clock to-morrow certain sums are not forthcoming, I shall be dragged to prison; my credit, my good name will be gone, and I shall be a ruined man; of this money your excellent father-in-law offered to advance a part, if Sir John Gascoigne would guarantee the remainder; his verbal promise I held as secure as any legal deed, and failed to procure a written paper from him; this evening I found to my dismay that without such a document Sir John refused to fulfil his part of the contract; to-morrow morning is the latest moment that I can hope to keep my creditors amused by promises, and a prison will be my only portion!"

Margaret now saw at a glance all the distress that

Edward's delay had occasioned ; to his care this paper had been entrusted, with the injunction that he should see Sir John and negotiate the business for Robert Ashton, who had been suddenly thrown into pecuniary embarrassments by the failure of an extensive mercantile speculation, in which he had been incautiously engaged. Edward's dismay was great, when, on his return home, an hour afterwards, he found Mr. Ashton sitting with his wife, and learned from them, that his weakness of purpose had nearly betrayed him into being the cause of his friend's ruin. He lost no time in repairing the evil ; he was with Sir John by early dawn ; secured his written engagement to advance the needful money, and waited on Ashton's principal creditors. On his return home, Margaret met him with tearful eyes, but she uttered no word of reproach ; Edward, touched by her forbearance, pressed her to his heart. " Oh, Margaret," he exclaimed, " how unworthy I am of such a friend, such an adviser ! would that I could become more like you, more firm, more true to my own heart ; but weak and irresolute, I do the very things my soul abhors ; guide me, strengthen me, that I may be more worthy of you."

" Nay, dearest Edward, do not speak thus," said

Margaret, leaning on his shoulder and looking on him with admiring love; "the fault, though fatal in its consequences, is in itself but trivial; and surely," she added, smiling, "by our united efforts, we shall succeed in routing a feeble enemy."

And so they did; faithful to each other in all things, faithful even in blame, did these two noble beings walk on through life, aiding and strengthening each other's virtue.

About six months after the above incident, Alfred and Emily came to Oldcourt to spend the summer months. The lovely girl had changed into the pale and listless woman, and every one who looked at her mourned over the alteration. Margaret mourned too, but it was for the moral change she detected not only in Emily, but in her brother. Emily's countenance bore the traces, even in its sweetest moments, of a settled discontent, while a fretful, restless expression marred all its former beauty. She had now two lovely little girls, but even for their sake she scarcely roused herself to exertion; even to their winning ways and exquisite grace she seemed indifferent, while to Alfred they were the source of unbounded joy and pride; he lived in them, and seemed careless of all beside. To Margaret this appeared as unnatural as it was

distressing ; she saw that Emily shrank from the delight which Alfred felt in these children, and became impatient and fretful whenever he noticed them in her presence, as if she were jealous of the love he felt for them.

One fine summer morning, Margaret having tempted her sister to stroll in the park, they found themselves in the path which led to the church, and by which, four years since, they had returned to Oldcourt, two happy brides. Margaret recalled that day to Emily's remembrance, adding, how different were her feelings as a wife to those she then experienced.

"Different, indeed !" Emily replied, with bitterness : "you were right, Margaret, to fear marriage as you did ; oh ! how cruelly have my dreams been dispelled — how mad and foolish it is to think that love can last ; it is truly our unhappy lot

——'to make idols,
And then find them clay.'

Alfred, whom I believed so true, so kind, so devoted to me, see him now—he scarcely knows if I am present or absent. Oh, Margaret, my heart is broken : would that I could lay my head down and rest in that churchyard."

"Dearest Emily, do not say so; you have far too many blessings to venture on such a wish;—at all times wrong, in you it is doubly so."

"Ah! you do not know all. I look at you sometimes with wonder, and, I am afraid, with envy; you are so happy, you have found Edward all you believed him."

"And has Alfred been false to you, that you should envy me?"

"Not false, perhaps; but he has ceased to love me, and I am wretched."

"Alfred does not appear to me more happy than yourself, and yet you still love him."

"Love him!—yes, it is my misery still to idolize him; I cannot leave him out of my sight—I care for no earthly thing but him."

"But your children?"

"Oh! yes—of course I love them; but"—She stopped, and tears choked her voice.

"But what, dearest?"

"I cannot tell you—you would not understand me, and would only blame me."

"When did I ever blame you? Surely you can trust me; I desire to see you happy, and if I think you have erred from want of experience, I will strive

to set you right, as one frail, sinful creature should alone correct another, in the spirit of true love; speak freely to me, my dear sister, let me be your friend and comforter."

Emily, unused to such kind and reasonable treatment, covered her face and burst into tears; then recovering herself, she went on to say, "If you had been always by my side, I should have been wiser and happier, but I have no hope, no comfort now; Alfred will never love me again, and the world is all dark to me."

"Are you sure he has ever left off loving you? Alfred is not one to change lightly; what has happened to make you think him less loving than formerly?"

"Cannot you see," rejoined Emily, pettishly "how indifferent and careless he is about me? he never wants me, any one's society is preferable to mine; he leaves me alone for hours, sits in his room studying, he says, while I am solitary and deserted."

"This is so unlike Alfred; are you sure you have made his home a happy one? Have you always been cheerful and considerate of his wishes, have you met him with smiles, and been willing at times to sacrifice your own inclinations to gratify his?"

"I would have given up every thing to him, Margaret, but he told me he wanted no sacrifices."

"If you made him feel them as such, no wonder he would not accept them. Love does but half its work, if it cannot succeed in making all sacrifices appear as nothing. As wives, we must not expect to receive the same outward marks of devotion that were yielded to us before marriage; the manner of evincing affection may, nay, it must change, and yet the feeling can remain unaltered. Have you not looked for too much from Alfred, and exacted too much subservience to your wishes, while you yielded too little deference to his?"

Emily colored and hesitated, then replied: "You may be right to a certain extent; but Alfred has thrown me off, he goes his own way, seeks his own amusements, cares only for the children, and forgets my existence; he is always in society, while I do not care for it."

"Perhaps you let him see too clearly your dislike to society, forgetting, Emily, that the habits of years' standing may have become a second nature to him."

"Alfred knew that I hated those stupid dinner-parties, and yet he teased me to go with him; I

only wanted *him*, while he found my company wearisome."

"Then you refused to accompany him?"

"Yes, certainly; why should I go, when I have no pleasure in such things? and he could not want me, you know," she added rather doubtfully.

"Alfred may have submitted to your caprices, Emily; but a man who loves his wife, as he loves you, likes to have her always with him; even in a crowd he is conscious of her presence, and rejoices in the admiration she excites."

"I care for no admiration but that of my husband," said Emily, coldly.

"But you may care whether you give him pleasure, or selfishly refuse to do so. Believe me, Emily, a woman not only contributes to her husband's happiness by studying his wishes, but acquires influence of the best kind—an influence, for the use of which she is responsible to God."

"Do you think, Margaret, that I could ever gain such an influence over Alfred? He looks upon me as a spoiled child, and treats me as such."

"You can gain it, dearest Emily, if you earnestly desire to do so; learn to be patient, endeavor to find out what your husband really desires; he will not

lead you astray, for he is kind and generous, and high-principled. Do not think of yourself so much; think more of him; and you will find the happiness that you have hitherto sought in vain."

"Saying this, Margaret kissed her sister, and left her to reflect on what had been said; conscious that, in spite of her waywardness, Emily had too much good sense not to perceive and act upon the truths she had heard. Faithful to her brother as to Emily, Margaret pointed out to him the rocks on which he had wrecked his own and his wife's happiness; and long before they quitted Oldcourt, she saw a better understanding established between them. Nor were her warnings forgotten on their return to London. Emily was amazed to find that Alfred sought less, than before, the excitement of society, while she was more than ever ready to be his companion in all he desired. By a slight mutual concession, these two hearts were preserved to each other, and peace and joy took the place of fretfulness and misery. Thus may it ever be! Warned in time, may the selfish learn that safety can alone be found in loving others better than ourselves; and may love become in all hearts an active principle of good, seeking not its own, but the happiness of others.

THE ADVENTURES OF CARLO FRANCONI,

AN ITALIAN PEASANT. RELATED BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

My parents resided within a short distance of Campiano, one of those mountain villages remote from the high road, and rarely visited by strangers; here they possessed a small farm, and were at the time of my birth amongst the wealthiest people of the district. One of the earliest events I can remember was the festival in celebration of the christening of my little sister; relations and friends came from miles around, and during several days kept up one continued scene of festivity and dancing. My childish heart was delighted with the bright, gay costumes of the women, pleasant stories, and friendly faces of the men, the music, dancing, and usual accompaniments of such a festival. Yet with all my pleasure, it seemed to me that the little being, whose admittance into the church

of Christ had given rise to all this gayety, was forgotten; and I stole away from the busy scene, climbed up the steep and narrow stairs, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, gazed on her, as a devotee upon the image of the Virgin Mother. The child at length awoke and began to cry. I took her in my arms; and, as if conscious of the love that swelled within my heart, she soon ceased her wailing, and nestling in my bosom, again fell asleep. A feeling then arose in my heart which influenced my whole after-life. Nanina! gioja mia! as I then watched your slumbers, I tasted the bliss that crowns man's life with rapture, of loving and protecting a beloved object. The birth of this sister had been a source of intense happiness to me. Child as I was, (at that time but six years old,) I felt when first her dark eyes opened on me, that life became brighter and happier. As years passed on we were inseparable; we neglected the companions of our own age, and knew no greater pleasure than to wander hand-in-hand through the mountain pastures, watching the sheep and goats as they browsed on the scanty herbage around us. I cannot define the thoughts and feelings which then filled our young hearts to overflowing; it seemed as if every thing in Nature spoke to us.

In this blissful state our first years were passed, and another infant was added to our little family. Sorrow was as yet unknown to us; but soon, too soon, alas! it came—how sudden, how desolating was the evil that befel us! One morning early in the month of July, Nanina and I had risen betimes to accompany our parents to the neighboring town of San Stefano, where the annual festival of the Madonna dei Fiori was to be celebrated. We had never before quitted our village, and the proposed journey filled us with delight. Two mules were brought to the door, on one of which my mother was quickly mounted, with Nanina before her; the other was intended for me, while our father walked beside us. The day, though cloudy and unpromising, had but little influence on our gayety; and as we climbed the steep mountain, we talked and laughed merrily, regardless of the stormy clouds that gathered around us. When we reached the summit, the rain began to fall, but the valley beneath us was bathed in sunshine, and we hastened forward; behind us all was darkness; black masses of clouds obscured the horizon, and a dense fog veiled Campiano from our sight. On reaching San Stefano, however, all trace of storm had disappeared; the sun shone down with golden splendor; crowds

were thronging to early mass in the principal church, and acquaintances greeted us at every step. Arches and festoons of flowers decorated the streets, and garlands of ribbons and bright pieces of carpet were displayed from the windows of the houses; the steps and centre aisle of the church were strewn with flowers; hundreds of tapers burned on the high altar; and before the shrines, ornamented with pictures and statues, knelt crowds of men, women, and children, in various and, to us, novel costumes. On quitting the church, we joined a procession of priests and friars, which accompanied the image of the Madonna, in whose honor the Festa was held. This figure was once a year borne through the streets with great solemnity, and presented to the adoration of the people; it was placed on a platform, and, covered as it was with gold, silver, and artificial flowers, it seemed to us the most beautiful and wonderful sight we had ever beheld.

When we had seen the Madonna conveyed back to the church, we hastened to the house of a relative where it had been agreed that we should pass the night, returning to Campiano the following morning. During the afternoon, the sky again became overcast, and the ridge of mountains we had passed in the

morning was hidden by dark and heavy clouds; the wind suddenly rose and blew a hurricane, while the rain fell in torrents. My father, who well knew the nature of these storms, became uneasy; his eye wandered restlessly to the hills behind which lay our home, and turning to my mother, he said, "Would to God, Francesca, that we were safe at home!" The storm continued through the night; but it was evident that its greatest violence had been spent before it reached San Stefano. The morning dawned in loveliness; all Nature seemed refreshed by the late rain, and my father reanimated by the scene, cast aside the gloomy forebodings of the night. We took our departure early, and slowly wended our way up the narrow road, which was slippery with the late rain; but our sure-footed mules marched steadily on, and we reached the summit in safety. What a scene then met our eyes! what terror seized upon our hearts as we gazed below! The country around Campiano was converted into a vast lake, from which the village, placed on an eminence, rose like an island. The Taro had burst its banks, and the whole valley was inundated. My father turned to us in speechless horror, and my mother falling on her knees, buried her face in her hands. No time, however, was to be lost,

and we hurried down the mountain. The villagers were watching our descent, and where the waters rendered it impossible to proceed on mules, they had a boat in readiness to transport us to the village.

Never can I forget the awful scenes that met our eyes as we rowed on; we saw within a few hundred yards of us the spot where our home had stood; house, out-buildings, all had disappeared, and the rushing waters flowed over the ruins. The Taro, foaming and boiling, rolled on, its former bed marked by the greater strength of the current; beams and rafters of houses, dead bodies of animals, and, still more horrible, of men were drifting down the tide. As we gazed, my father's face became deadly pale, and my mother clasped her hands in agony, when they beheld a cradle tossed on the agitated waves. "My child, my child!" shrieked the wretched mother, but ere the words had passed her lips, the cradle was overwhelmed, and disappeared. This was but the first of a series of trials. The river had swept away all that we possessed. Ere the domestics left in charge of the premises could escape, death had overtaken them: not one was left to tell the tale of desolation. We readily found shelter in the village, for my father's high character and kindly nature had made

him universally beloved; every one pitied Bernardo Franconi, and many doors were opened to receive the houseless family. Night closed on the dismal spectacle, but brought no rest to my poor father; he was a ruined man; all, all-had perished in this dire catastrophe — all, save his wife, Nanina, and myself. I remember to this hour the expression of his face, as, clasping my mother to his heart, he said, "God leaves me *you*, Francesca; blessed be His holy name!"

But even this source of happiness was not long spared to him. My mother, at all times in delicate health, never recovered the effects of that dreadful night; her rest was broken by the fancied cries of her drowning child, and though she strove to keep the knowledge of her state from us all, she yet knew that she was dying; and soon, before the spring flowers succeeded to the winter floods, she was laid in her quiet grave. From that time I never saw my father smile; he was kind, and careful to provide what comforts he could for us, but his heart was broken; I have seen him sit and gaze upon Nanina, until his eyes were blinded with tears; her beauty and gentleness so forcibly reminded him of his Francesca, that her presence only gave him pain instead of comfort. By the assistance of some

relatives he established himself in another little farm; but he was listless and dispirited, and our present was a sad contrast to our former home. Repressed in all expression of cheerfulness or childish glee, by the silent sorrow of our father, we sought amusement in the village; and amongst the many houses in which we were welcome guests, none had such powerful attractions for us, as one small cottage. There is something beautiful in the friendship that at times springs up between the old and young, when age remembering its early days, gives warm and loving sympathy to youth, and youth laying aside its too boisterous mirth, listens reverently to the teaching of age. Pietro Dossi, the aged inhabitant of our favorite cottage, had in his younger days visited many distant lands; travelling from place to place in company with other boys, as a vender of images, he had at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to realize his early dream of purchasing a small piece of land in the neighborhood of his native village; this he had cultivated with his own hands, until the approach of age rendered repose necessary to him, and he now dwelt in Campiano surrounded by his old friends, honored and respected by all who knew him, imparting, from his store of traveller's tales, pleasure

and instruction to the young. Nanina and I were never happier than when listening to him, — she seated on the old man's knee, and I, sitting at his feet playing with Jacopo, the pet monkey, who was Pietro's sole companion. He related his adventures for our diversion; and as he told of foreign countries, I longed to follow in his track, and see and learn for myself. This desire grew stronger and stronger within me; but the thought of my father and his loneliness, checked its fulfilment. Events, however, soon happened which, by throwing me on my own resources, opened my path to England, for it was to London that all my longings turned.

I had barely attained my fourteenth year, and Nanina was in her ninth, when my father was suddenly attacked by a fever, which in a few days carried him to his grave. We were now left orphans in a world of which we as yet knew nothing; strangers alike to the cold unkindness and to the genuine benevolence, that have in turn chilled our hearts or cheered our wandering steps in foreign lands. I was too young to undertake the management of a farm; and as my father, since our heavy loss, had only rented a few acres of land, it was soon arranged that we should quit our home.

In our sorrow we had repaired to Pietro for sympathy and counsel : to him I revealed the longing of my heart ; and, entering at once into my views, he offered to give me, as my stock in trade, my playmate Jacopo, the monkey. I was unwilling to deprive him of his old favorite ; but he said that Nanina should live with him during my absence, and thus his gain would be greater than mine. Poor Nanina heard my proposal with dismay : she could not imagine a life in which I should have no share, and at first she opposed herself vehemently to my leaving her. With tears and sobs she implored me to take her with me ; but to this Pietro opposed so many arguments, that at last she seemed to yield assent. She now busied herself in preparing my little wardrobe, which was carefully tied up in a handkerchief, and fastened to my back. Jacopo was gayly dressed in a new suit of scarlet cloth, and Nanina had attached to his collar a blue ribbon which she took from her own slender waist. Putting this into my hand, she kissed me passionately, and, leading me to the door, said, "Carlo, you will see me in your dreams." I did not then heed her words, but had afterwards good cause to remember them ; I then wondered at her calmness, and thought she could

not love me as I loved her; for my own heart was torn with anguish at leaving her, while she seemed cheerful, and parted from me with a smile.

With a heavy heart I ascended the hill from which I was to take the last view of my native village. When I reached its summit I sat down on the grass, and for the first time in my life felt the misery of utter loneliness. I strove to recall the delight with which I had dreamed of setting out on this journey, but in vain. Nanina's image rose before my mind; and, covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears. I soon however remembered, that although I should no longer be near to love and guard her, God and the Virgin would still protect my sister; and to their care I now solemnly committed her. I felt that, though I should no longer walk forth with her to see the rising sun gild our beloved mountains, or watch the moon shedding her soft light over the scenes endeared to us by memory, yet wherever I wandered, the same sun and the same moon would shine on me that shone on Nanina; and in this thought I found much consolation. Then, gaining hope from the future, my heart leaped with joy to think of the time when I should again return to Campiano, and pour the riches gathered in my travels at Nanina's feet.

Thoughts such as these gave wings to my feet, and I ran briskly down the hill that led to Vizerano. There I was to spend my first lonely night. I was unused to beg, and it was with a timid step that I approached a small but well-stocked farm-house that lay in my road. I did not ask for food: Pietro had carefully stored my little wallet with what would last me several days: I only begged to be allowed to shelter my weary limbs in the barn. My request was kindly granted; and, after sharing a morsel of bread with Jacopo, and taking a draught of milk which the good woman gave me, I lay down on a bundle of straw, with my monkey nestling close to me, and fell asleep thinking of Nanina. Early in the morning, a faint streak of light falling on my face aroused me—was I awake, or was it only a dream?—beside me sat a figure, so beautiful, that for a moment I took it for the good angel who is said to watch over the slumbers of young children; yet it had the form and face of my sister. I started up, and, rubbing my eyes to assure myself that it was no dream, I found myself clasped in Nanina's arms. "Oh! Carlo," she exclaimed, "did you think that I could live without you? You must not send me back, for I should die, away from you. Let me go where you go: I will

never vex you, if you will only let me follow you." With these words she clung to me with an energy it was in vain to resist; and, as I returned her embrace, I felt that death alone should ever again separate us.

As we journeyed on, Nanina told me how she had stolen away when Pietro thought she was in bed, and creeping softly down, had set off in the twilight. She had heard Pietro describe the house at which I was to sleep, and reaching it in the early dawn, she entered the barn, and taking her station beside me, had patiently watched for my awakening. We spoke of our dear Pietro, and grieved for his loneliness, thus left without Jacopo or Nanina, but we soon forgot this sorrow in our joy of being together, and proceeded on our way, until after some hours we came within sight of a large town.

We now began our trade, and soon a crowd of boys gathered round us, attracted by Jacopo's gambols. Nanina, amused by the laughter and delight of the children, excited him to show off all his tricks; and when at last putting her hat into his paw, he ran round the circle, bowing and grimacing to each individual, and soliciting charity in his own facetious way, it was returned with more money in it than we had ever before possessed, and we pursued our journey

in good spirits. Pietro had desired me not to sleep in any town, cautioning me that my funds would soon melt away if I trusted to the hospitality of cities; we therefore journeyed on from place to place, meeting with various fortune, but on the whole with kindness and liberality. Whenever, weary, hungry, and foot-sore, we were refused the shelter we solicited, we comforted each other with the thought of London, recounted the wonders we had heard, and creeping close to each other, fell asleep under a hedge, dreaming of rich, beautiful England.

Our way lay through France; and the kind-hearted peasantry, who were then busied in the vintage, often invited us to join their noon-day meal. It was a lovely autumn, and as yet we had experienced no severe weather; an occasional storm drove us to seek shelter beneath some shed, or wide spreading tree, but we were too well inured to a mountain life to fear what rain or wind could do to us. At length we reached Boulogne, and by this time our little stock of money enabled us boldly to take our passage in a vessel that was sailing for London. Poor Nanina was terrified when she saw the steamboat, and was told that in it she would sail away on to the wide sea. I comforted her as best I could, hiding my own fears that I might

not add to hers. We had a fine passage, and about noon entered the Thames. The sight of the numberless vessels that crowded the noble river filled us with astonishment, and Nanina's exclamations of natural and unfeigned delight interested many of the passengers for us. One young lady came to us, and sitting down by Nanina began to speak to her; but, alas! not one word could we understand; we could only shake our heads in reply, when much to our surprise she addressed us in our own beloved language, asking where we came from, and what we were going to do. Nanina simply replied, that we were come from Campiano to London, to make our fortune; at which the young lady smiled. We told her that we were going to see a friend of our father's, who lived in London, and who would, we were sure, take care of us. She looked at us sorrowfully, and stroking back Nanina's raven locks said, "poor children!" (poveretti,) and then turning to a gentleman spoke to him in English. I am sure she asked him to be kind to us, for when the vessel stopped at the great Custom House in London, the lady bade us keep close, and follow them on shore. What we should have done but for their care, God only knows. We were so pushed and jostled by the crowds of people

who were hurrying to land, that Nanina began to cry; but the kind gentleman lifting her in his arms carried her safely to shore, and placed her on a large trunk beside his daughter, then calling a little carriage he put us into it with Jacopo, and, paying the driver his fare, told him to take us to the place where we hoped to find our friend.

It was now dark; the lamps were lighted, and as we drove rapidly along the streets, our surprise was excited by the brilliant gas-lights, and Nanina continually exclaimed, "See! Carlo, see! how beautiful; another, and another! and the fine shops, and crowds of people; London is, indeed, beautiful!" Still we drove on; there seemed no end of streets and houses; my brain whirled, and I scarcely knew whether I were waking or dreaming. At last we turned into a narrow lane, and soon our driver checked his horse, and I heard him say something I did not understand, but I knew by his mentioning the name of Manelli that we must be near our destination; he drove on a few steps, and then opening the door signed to us to alight. Taking Nanina's hand, with Jacopo seated on my shoulder, I followed a boy who led the way through a dark passage to a house, at the door of which he knocked and then left us; it opened as by magic, and

a loud voice called to us from the top of the stairs in no very gentle tones. I was afraid we had been wrongly directed, and Nanina, terrified at our strange situation, the darkness and the harsh sounds of the English tongue, followed me up the steep stairs, clinging tightly to my arm. At the head of the stairs we found a woman with a candle in her hand; she spoke roughly to us, and I suppose asked what we wanted. I blushed and stammered, and drawing from my pocket a letter which had lain carefully concealed there since I left Campiano, I gave it to her, saying, "Il Signor Manelli e in casa?" She grumbled out some angry words, but a voice from the interior of the room replied, "Si, si, entrate: son qui, cosa volete?" These words, uttered in our own sweet language, reassured me, and we entered. Manelli was seated at his table, employed by the light of a powerful lamp, in constructing something, which I afterwards found was a barometer; he seemed a man about forty years of age, and the kind expression of his countenance encouraged me to speak to him. I related my simple tale, and asked if he remembered Pietro Dossi, who had given me the letter for him. At the mention of his name Manelli's face brightened; "Remember him," said he, "yes, truly, we were dearer

to each other than brothers." He then kissed Nanina, and bade us hearty welcome to his home. I saw, however, that our arrival was by no means so agreeable to the woman who had shown us to the room, and soon an angry contest ensued between her and Manelli upon the subject. It ended by our being provided with supper, and told to lie down on some straw in a corner of the room, where, tired and exhausted, we soon fell asleep. In the morning Manelli took me aside, and told me that the woman I saw was his wife; that she was an Englishwoman, and could speak but little Italian; that she was really good and kind-hearted, but had a strange way of showing it, and that unless Nanina and I could resolve to be obedient to her, and do all she asked, we must make up our minds to bear many a scolding. He added that he was too poor to maintain us in idleness, and proposed that I should go out into the streets with my monkey and see what I could earn, while Nanina remained at home to help his wife. I did not like the plan, I was afraid that Madame (as we were bid to call her) would be harsh to Nanina; but as Manelli spoke kindly, and as if he desired really to help us, I acceded to his wish, and sallied forth, begging Madame to take care of my little sister, and promising to bring back what I earned,

to pay for our supper; she gave me a crust of bread to eat when I was hungry, and desired me to be careful of my money.

My first day's ramble produced but little; I was bewildered by the novel sights and sounds that met me at every step, and wandered on from street to street, forgetful of the object of my expedition, until tired of walking, I sat down on a door-step to eat my bread. I then remembered, that, if I took nothing home with me, Nanina and I were to have no supper; and seeing that Jacopo's attempts to snatch the food from my mouth faster than I could put it in, had already collected a little crowd around me, I excited him to more and more antics; each new trick elicited fresh bursts of merriment from the bystanders, and when I held my hat and said, as Madame had taught me, "Give a penny to poor Italian boy," many were dropped into it. Elated by my success, I now tried to retrace my steps, anxious to show my gains, and feeling richer than I had ever been before, for amongst the pence I found a silver coin, which seemed to me a fortune in itself; this I intended to give Nanina: but when I reached our miserable lodging, the landlady seized upon me, insisted on my showing her all my money, and grumbling that it was no more, told

me we could have little supper that night. I was indignant at this treatment, but a look from Manelli checked the angry words which were ready to burst from my lips. Nanina was silent, and I thought I saw traces of tears in her eyes, but did not venture to ask their cause, for I had begun to tremble before Madame. As we fell asleep, Nanina whispered softly, "Carlo, do not leave me; I will go with you." The next day I proposed that she should accompany me, but this Madame vehemently opposed, threatening to turn us both out of doors if I dared again to speak of such a plan, and adding, that I had better take care to bring home more money, as she could not keep us for nothing. Days and weeks passed on, during which our life continued much what I have described it; Madame was kind or cross in proportion to the money I brought home, and I gradually became more and more afraid of her. I could not help sometimes asking myself where was all the kind-heartedness which Manelli had told us we should find in Madame, and I often wondered why he, who really loved us, did not interfere in our behalf; but I found out afterwards, that he stood in as much awe of his wife as I did.

After some months I began to feel that, with all my

labor, I had not laid by a single shilling towards the object that was ever present to my thoughts. I dared not ask to be allowed to do so, but the thought made me miserable. I saw, too, that Nanina was changed; the brightness of her eyes was dimmed, the elastic step was gone, and, what was worst of all, her merry laugh was hushed; she was pale and languid, and I thought she drooped like a flower shut out from light and air. She had ceased to ask to accompany me, but often when I left her, I saw the tears spring to her eyes; she never complained, but I knew she was unhappy, and I determined that we would leave Manelli's house, and try our fortunes in the world alone once more. My resolution was strengthened by a circumstance which awakened me more fully to the real state of affairs.

Returning earlier than usual one afternoon, I heard in ascending the stairs the screams of a child; as I listened my heart stood still; could it be Nanina, my darling Nanina? Again the sound struck on my ear. It *was* her voice! and amidst cries of pain I heard her say, "Let me go, let me go, indeed I did not tell him; I will never let Carlo know how you beat me, only let me go now, I will do all you bid me." Furious, and not knowing what I did, I rushed into the room, flew upon Madame, who was raising her

hand to strike the child, aimed a blow at her head, which stunned her for a moment, and quickly seizing Nanina I hurried down stairs, and ran along the streets, until feeling safe from pursuit, I sat down, and placing my sister beside me, comforted and pacified her alarm, promising never to allow her to return to Madame. She then told me how often she had been beaten, and that Madame had always threatened to make me go without supper if she ever told me how she was ill-treated. Thus the intrepid little creature had patiently endured all, rather than that I should lose a meal. "I could not let you starve, Carlo, mio," she said, "you who worked so hard for me." How could I help loving this sister? how ever reward her for such devotion?

The evening had now closed in; a keen wind was blowing from the north, and to us, with our Italian temperament, the suffering occasioned by the cold was extreme. Hitherto we had known nothing of personal hardship, we had been sheltered in a warm room, had slept on dry straw, and though our food had been grudgingly given and often in scanty portions, yet we had never known what actual hunger was; now, we were houseless, supperless, friendless, but not hopeless; we were free, and in this lay a happiness

that we could neither define nor comprehend. I took Nanina's hands in mine, chafed them, and wrapping her in my coat drew her close to me, and crept under the slight shelter afforded by the doorway of a shop. Here, with Jacopo crouched beside her, she fell asleep, and I was happier when thus watching beside her, than I had been since we entered London; I was once more her protector, and I would not have exchanged my bleak and lonely post for the softest bed in London. I did not sleep, for my mind was busily revolving plans for the future; remembering Pietro's advice, I determined to quit London with the early dawn; I thought that in the country we might find kind people, who would give us food and perhaps money. Having thus resolved, I waited patiently until the morning began to break, when, awakening Nanina, I told her my intention; she eagerly caught at the idea, for a vague fear of remaining near Madame still occupied her mind. The streets were already alive with carts and foot passengers, and we walked on through long interminable streets; Nanina, who had rarely left the one room we had inhabited, was equally amazed and delighted. The shops were opened one by one, and she gazed in at the large windows, on all the beautiful things

displayed, with childish curiosity. I had, fortunately, about a shilling in my pocket, the proceeds of the previous day's campaign, and with part of this I bought two rolls and a cup of warm coffee from a man at the corner of the street. Jacopo came in for his share, and thus refreshed we resumed our walk. In about an hour's time, the long rows of tall houses gave place to detached villas with gardens before them, and by-and-by these became less frequent, and then ceased entirely.

We were once more in the country; our spirits revived under its influence, and we involuntarily quickened our pace. Hitherto we had kept along the high road, but I now deemed it advisable to quit the beaten track, and we turned into a little lane which seemed to lead towards a village at some distance. We wandered on more and more slowly, for we had come many miles, and evening was now drawing near. We soon approached a large farm, whose well-filled court-yard and homestead bespoke true English comfort; before the house was a pretty little garden, where a few bright crocuses and snow-drops already peeped above the ground, and in a little porch sat a fat and rosy farmer's wife, beside whom a little girl, about Nanina's age, was playing. Attracted by the sight of

the child, Nanina, who had run on before me, stopped at the wicker-gate and called me to come quickly to see "la bella fanciullina." I feared to offend the good woman, and chid Nanina for her rudeness, but Jacopo, who had leaped upon the gate, began to play off his antics, and so charmed the little girl, that she screamed with delight, and clapping her hands, began to talk to us. We had learned a few English words, and quickly made acquaintance with her. We were invited with Jacopo to enter the court-yard, and soon a number of the servants, with the master and mistress themselves, were gathered round us. When the monkey had played off all his tricks, the goodman turned to us, and asked us whither we were going, and where we intended to pass the night. Finding that we did not know, he invited us to go in with them, and share their supper. After eating a hearty supper, I ventured to ask, as a further boon, that we might be allowed to sleep in the barn; this was readily granted, and a promise of breakfast before we started the next day, sent us to bed with happy, grateful hearts. It had been a prosperous beginning to our travels, and we set forth on the following morning with renewed hope.

I cannot tell of all our adventures. At times we

met with rough unkindness; at some houses the dog was set upon us, and often we were compelled to lie down under the hedges and shelter ourselves from the biting blast, as best we could; at other times we were treated kindly, and many were the acts of generosity we met with even amongst the poorest classes. Spring came at last, and summer brought us comparative comfort. Our little purse grew heavier and heavier, for we never willingly drew from its store, but contented ourselves with the food that was given us in charity; and when this failed we frequently suffered actual hunger, rather than take from our treasure. Alas! alas! I did not know that by this course, I was laying the foundation of a future misery which I would have given every farthing of that hoarded money, nay, every drop of my heart's blood, to have averted. My mind recalls but little of the time that followed;—the events of that summer and autumn rest dimly in my memory; my thoughts revert to one period marked by such sorrow as I had never before known; all other things seem trivial, and I hasten on to the following winter.

The season was unusually severe even for England, and our sufferings were intense; whilst I tried, and often, as I thought, successfully, to shield Nanina from

the keen frosty air, I saw not, I knew not, the canker that was secretly undermining her constitution. I did not even guess that such things were, or that death could touch that lovely creature. I saw that she grew less able to walk; I heard her cough through those long weary nights; I felt her hot burning hands, and wiped from her fair forehead the moisture that gathered there; yet still I dreamed not she must die. Nanina, my beloved! how gladly would I then have died for you! Yet no; the gentle, timid girl, rests in her quiet grave, safe from the blasts of chilling wind, free from all care; and I was even then content to live alone, since she was spared all further sorrow.

One afternoon, soon after Christmas-day, Nanina, who had never before complained, sat down on a stone, by the roadside, and told me she could go no further; her sunken cheeks were bright with a hectic bloom; her eyes shone with unnatural lustre, and unused as I was to illness, I thought she did but jest. I took her hand, and begging her not to give up so soon, pointed to a house at a little distance, to which we were directing our steps. She rose and tottered on, leaning more and more heavily on my arm, until with a faint sigh she fell on the ground. "Carlo," she said, "I cannot move; let me lie here

and rest; by-and-by I will try again. Oh, let me rest!" I was now alarmed, and covering her with my coat, I ran on to the large house I had pointed out to her. Emboldened by my terror for Nanina I knocked at the door, and the lady of the house fortunately passed through the hall at that moment, and hearing the earnest tones of my voice came forward; my tale was soon told; she instantly offered to go with me to Nanina, and giving orders to the servants to attend us, we hastened to the spot where my dear sister lay. She was quickly carried to the house, and there my poor fading flower was tended with a kindness that God will, I trust, reward. My prayers are all I have to give in return for it; but surely they are heard in Heaven, when offered so fervently as mine are, night and morning, for our benefactress. Nanina never rose from the bed on which they laid her. Beautiful as an angel, she won all hearts by her sweetness and patience. All, but myself, saw that her hours were numbered. I alone watched and hoped with confidence to see the fever leave her: daily she failed; but pain had left her. She called me to her one morning, and said, "Carlo, I wonder what death is. Sometimes I think, as I lie awake in the night, that

perhaps I am dying." I looked at her; and the truth thus simply put before me, flashed upon my mind with a conviction that its dread fulfilment was at hand. I covered my face, and sobbed convulsively. She went on: "Carlo, you must not cry: it is not hard to die; it is no pain like that I had before I came to bed; all is so quiet, it is so sweet to look thus into your face; I shall not leave you long, and you will spare me to go to our mother and the Virgin, and I shall pray for you, Carlo, and still be with you, and you will come to me in Heaven; now stoop down close to me, and let me feel your face, for it is getting dark, and I cannot see it. Carlo, dearest Carlo, I am so happy! now let me sleep." She lay with my hand clasped in hers, and I watched beside her, thinking that she slept; for hours I sat, until startled by the change in her countenance, and the cold rigidity of her hands, I tried to waken her. Nanina was not there,—her spirit had fled, and before me lay the cold remains of the most lovely of God's creatures!

I do not know what followed; all is darkness; I can recall no event; days, weeks passed on unheeded by me; I sat in the small churchyard beside that grassy mound, with poor Jacopo by my side, dead to all consciousness of things beyond. At length she who

had given shelter to my beloved Nanina's last hours, called me to her room; she told me that she felt for my sorrow, and did not blame it, but that the time was come when I must rouse myself; that I could not live in idleness, for God had given me strength and understanding, and I must use them; she added, that to grieve for the dead with such absorbing sorrow was selfish; that God who had taken Nanina to Himself, required me to show my love for Him, by not indulging in useless grief, and thus murmuring at His decrees; that I must strive to live, so that when Death came to me, I might be worthy to go, where that pure and gentle spirit had already gone before me. I was not insensible to her words; I felt their truth, and resolved to rouse myself. My kind patroness had already laid a plan for my future life. I know not how it was that such an interest had been awakened in her heart; surely it was for Nanina's sake; I was her brother, and as such became the object of so much kindness.

Mrs. Morton had friends in London whom she interested for me, and by their means I was admitted into one of the many schools in which instruction is liberally and gratuitously given to the poor; here I lived a year, and then having by the bounty of Mrs.

Morton been apprenticed to a barometer-maker, I learned this trade thoroughly, and by pursuing it steadily for a few years, became possessed of a sum beyond my early dreams of wealth. Amidst all my trials, I had never lost sight of the object for which Nanina and I had toiled and suffered; my heart turned more and more to my native country, and when at last I revealed to Mrs. Morton my strong desire to return to Campiano, she met it with her usual kindness; encouraged me to put my plan in execution, and added to my store so generously, that I was placed beyond the reach of poverty.

Before I set off on my return to Italy, I visited Nanina's grave, and prayed that her spirit might accompany me on my homeward journey, and share in that return; thus cheered by the consciousness of her presence with me, I might be less oppressed by the loneliness of that journey which we had so often in fancy performed together. I revisited many of the places in France which I had seen with Nanina, and arrived at length at Campiano. Pietro Dossi was still alive, and I felt that, in my reunion with him, something was left me to live for; I bought a small farm, and taking the old man to my home, I had the

comfort of rendering his last days happy. This source of interest had roused me from the melancholy which had settled on my soul, and when Pietro urged me to marry, I listened at first impatiently, then by degrees with interest, and finally, as the idea took a more definite form by my increasing admiration for Maria Donelli, an old playfellow and friend of Nanina's childhood, I yielded an unhesitating assent to his wishes, and took my bride home in time to aid me in fulfilling the last duties to our good old friend.

Years have rolled on; around my hearth are many little beings, in whose childish joys my youth is renewed; amongst them is one, dearer to me in my secret heart than all beside — another Nanina; in her lovely features and infantine grace I see my sister live again. Maria, my gentle wife, is sitting beside me as I write, wondering at the deep emotions that have been roused as I have recalled my past life: she loves me, and I am blest in her affection.

At the request of my kind friend and benefactress, I have written this sketch of my life. She says that from my tale many may learn to regard the poor Italian boys who travel through the world, without

home and without friends, with more consideration,
and cheer them in their lonely wanderings by a
kind word or act: such are like the dew that
falls on the thirsty earth to blossom like the rose.

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AN HOUR IN A DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

BY SARAH ROBERTS.

I STROLLED the other day into a daguerrian gallery ; and, after amusing myself with looking round on the numerous faces, old and young, beautiful and ugly, that decorated the walls, and conjuring up the various characters they represented, I threw myself on a corner of the sofa and for the sake of amusement watched the many groups that one after another passed in and out.

“This is truly the democratic, the levelling age of every thing,” said I to myself. “In years gone by, to procure the precious likeness of a friend was only in the power of those who had great wealth at command ; but now, in the twinkling of an eye, for a single dollar, the humblest citizen can possess the treasure. Wonderful discovery ! Kind, blessed power !”

I was roused from my reflections by hearing a slow, heavy footfall on the stairs. The door opened ; and a

young man with an honest, sunburnt face, in a sailor's best dress, fathom of black ribbon and all, with a reeling gait as if just from shipboard, entered. A smile of great satisfaction beamed on his broad, good-natured face; and he was leading by the hand a small, humble, quiet-looking old lady, poorly but very neatly dressed. He seated her most tenderly in a chair quite near me; and at a second glance I perceived she was blind. She appeared to be very old, and trembled much from fatigue and weakness. The sailor looked upon her with much affection and delight, and, approaching the artist, said, —

“Can you make a picture of her, mister? I hope she is not too old, or that her being blind won't make any difference; her eyes are open, you see, and look as good as yours or mine, though the dear old soul has been blind these twenty years. Please to try, sir; for you see she is my mother; and I have plenty of money to pay for it; and I must have her dear old face to take away with me; and she wants you to take mine, for me to leave with her — for I am just going to take a long voyage, sir. Though she cannot see, she says she can hold it in her hand and kiss it, and know that it is me. I am her only child, sir — all she has left out of a husband and ten children. She wept herself blind, they told me, when I was an infant; for I am the youngest, and all the world to her now.”

Jack's garrulity was stopped by the artist's requesting him to seat his mother before the camera; and he was loud in his praises at the success.

Next entered — O, such a pleasant group! — a young couple, followed by a nurse bearing a lovely child of about a year and a half old in her arms. Well might they wish to have perpetuated the remembrance of such a beautiful child — large, dark, full eyes; soft, golden curls; and that expression of angelic purity seen only in infancy. A fanciful little chair, richly carved and cushioned, was brought in to hold the treasure. How happy they all looked! The mother was very youthful and scarcely less beautiful than the child. “How long will this felicity last?” thought I. “Will this sweet child be torn from their fond embrace and consigned to an early grave, or will he in after years bring agony and shame to the hearts of those who have cherished him? Or will all their fond imaginings be realized? God only knows. How pleased they looked as they propped up the little darling in his pretty chair! — the young mother, now arranging this curl, now the dress, now displaying to more advantage the dimpled shoulder and arm, and now the tiny naked foot, encouraging by tender words the timid infant. All was at last satisfactorily arranged; and I heard the parents say, when it was finished, it was almost as pretty as wee Willie. My

blessing went with the sweet child and the happy pair as they left the room.

A tall, gentlemanly man now entered, holding in his arms a delicate, frail-looking little girl about four years old. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning; and the sad expression of his refined and noble countenance told that grief was in his heart. "A widower," thought I, "and his only child;" and I think I was not mistaken. The little creature was most richly and exquisitely dressed; and her almost baby face seemed also to wear an expression of sadness. "No mother, poor little one," mused I; "you have lost what can never be replaced." As if in reply to my thoughts, she clung closely round her father's neck. "Ah, love him, cling closely to him while you can; man's nature is not woman's; business, pleasure, power, and other love than yours will soon fill his heart, now yours alone. Other ties will be his; the first love may pass into forgetfulness and her child into neglect; but I hope better things for thee, sweet Nelly," — for so her father called her; "but should the time come, this miniature of thy delicate, loving, tender childhood may bring back the warm blood to his estranged heart.

"Country lovers," I said to myself, as the door opened, and a sunburnt, hard-working man entered, all in his Sunday best, which made him feel and move

rather awkwardly, followed by a round, cherry-checked damsel, looking modestly on the ground, with many an extra ribbon and flower decorating her really rustic beauty. After various preliminaries, —

“How will you be taken?” inquired the artist.

“O, side by side, *of* course,” answered the man. “Susey and I always sits side by side whenever we can; don’t we, Susey?” said he, taking her hand with great gallantry to lead her to the seat. “Why, don’t the tyown’s folks know that Susey and I has kept company now going on these two year? I don’t like such leetle uns as them,” he continued, pointing to some of the miniatures. “Make us pretty big, can’t you? If you must stint either on us, why, stint me a leetle and don’t stint Susey, that’s all. I don’t want to lose none on her; she is too harndsome for that — ain’t you, Susey?” said he, giving her a loud smack on her rosy cheek, which brought the blood rushing into Susey’s face.

“If you do that agin, John,” she said, “you sha’n’t have my face made on your pieter at all; and how you’ll look sitting all alone on a pieter — such a homely man as you are!”

“That would be bad enough, to be sure,” said John. “Well, I will wait until we get home to give one to the other check.”

“Please sit perfectly still,” requested the artist.

"Hand so we are," answered John. "But I suppose we can talk a leetle, just to kill time, as I suppose we'll have to sit here till sundown."

"Please not even to speak," said the artist.

"Well, that's pretty hard, sitting so nigh Susey ; but I'll try," was the answer.

They sat perfectly quiet, hand in hand ; and in the usual time the plate was taken from the camera.

"You may rise now, if you choose," said the artist.

"What for?" asked the man. "I told you we wanted to be taken sitting side by side and hand in hand, so as, when we grow old, we might remember how we courted under the old apple tree and by the fireside. If you can't take us to suit ourselves, I'll hire the job done somewhere else."

"It is done," answered the artist. "Wait a few moments."

"Done ! That you can't make me believe," said John. "'Stonishing how these city folks thinks we country folks are all fools ; but I'll let you know, mister, I am called a rale cute un in our parts. 'There's no cheating John Simpson,' every body says. Susey and I got up early this morning ; and I got Tom to do my work, and Susey got Molly to do hern. And a rale lot we both have to do ; for Susey is a rale smart un about house, and so is I about the farm ; and we rode four-

teen miles to come here to get our faces made, because we sawed un that you took here of Judy Smith and Phil Hayes — only Judy ain't half so harndsome as my Sussey; and now you want to cheat us out of it, hurrying of us over in this style as if we warn't nobody. I'll pay you, mister, just as much as your fine city folks that owns these faces all over your walls; and one folk's money is as good as another folk's money. I choose to set a proper spell. Why, I just got to putting on my best 'spression — the one Sussey told me to: kyind o' so; and you say we may get up. 'Taint fair, nohow, you can fix it. Well, mister, I sha'n't pay whole price without I sits long enough to pay for it."

The good-natured artist looked much amused, and could not refrain from laughter.

"You may laugh, sir," said John; "but we country folks knows a thing or two. You can't cheat an old crow."

The artist left the man talking to finish the daguerreotypes, and in due time returned and presented it to him.

"Land o' mercy, Sussey!" he exclaimed, his face beaming with delight, "if there ain't you and me! How did you get us, mister? I know Judy and Phil told you how we looked when they was down; and so you got it all ready for us to surprise us with. Well, you

have just hit it; and you are a bright un. Shake hands, mister. O land, how natrel we do look — 'specially Susey! Susey, you are a beautiful pieter; and I ain't none of the ugliest — bees I, Susey, with my Sabbadays on? I looks like a gentleman, for sartin, 'cept that my hands is rather bigger than some I've seen; but that's a trifle. But there's no lady in the land can beat you for good looks, Susey, any day. Well, it warn't fair in Phil and Judy to tell you how we looked. I sha'n't tell you how any more on us looks down our way, because you'll be taking on 'em to sell; and nobody wants their faces sold all over the world for folks to make their fortins by. How much longer must we stay here, mister? Bein's you got our pieter all ready for us, can we go putty soon?"

"Certainly," said the artist, "as soon as you have paid for it."

"Well, upon the whole, sir," said the countryman, pulling out a small greasy wallet, "I'm 'bliged to you for getting it ready agin we come; only, if you've got any more on 'em, just leave out Susey, — can't you? — or else all the fellers in town will be a-comin' down to find her out, and may be turn her head and get her away from me. Sich things has happened in books, you know — I'm a *leetle* of a scholar," he continued, giving the artist the squint as if he meant he was a good deal

of a one. "Well, Susey dear, we shall have a nice frolic to-day in the city — time enough for us to see the wax-work, and the dancing monkeys, and the giant, and the larned pig, and get some oysters, and ice cream, and all the good things city folks eat. Come along, Susey, my angel; we will make a day of it. Good day, mister; when this is worn out we will call agin."

As they were bowing and courtesying hand in hand out of the door backwards in true country style they stumbled on a group of schoolgirls, who came bounding into the room in the heyday of spirits and glee. There were six of them — what a pretty group!

"You must take us all on one plate, Mr. W.," said several, speaking at once.

"I want to sit by Kate," said one.

"And Cora and I want to sit together," said another.

The artist glanced with pleasure at the young fair faces, and asked them to be seated.

"You must group us in the way we shall look the best, and tell us how to sit gracefully," said another little fairy, throwing herself in a chair in the most graceful attitude possible. How long they were arranging themselves! The artist called upon me for an opinion as to the grouping; and I was glad of the chance to scan the bright and lovely faces. We succeeded in arranging

them satisfactorily to all; but several attempts failed. Cora's large dark eyes looked small and light, or Bertha's soft blue ones dark and large; or Kate laughed at the wrong time and declared her pretty mouth looked like a trapdoor; Minna's was squint, or Ellen's nose was crooked. It was evident they came there as much for a frolic as for any thing. When they had almost exhausted the artist's patience they contrived to sit still, and procured an accurate and beautiful picture. I would have liked it myself, and asked the saucy little things most humbly to sit for one for my benefit. But even at fourteen the woman is too chary of her favors to throw them away lightly; and I was peremptorily and unanimously refused. How gayly they chatted and laughed as they descended the stairs! I listened until the last sound of their girlish voices died away, and sighed; for woman's lot was on them.

"How short," thought I, "is the step from these gay, merry creatures to the sober, careworn matron! What destiny is in store for them? Will an early grave soon close over one of those fair young forms, and the foul worm riot on its loveliness? Or will a long life of toil and care, of joys and sorrows, be the portion of all? Their lots will be various. Who will have the tender, loving heart given her in return for her own deep, well-ing love? Which of them will waste away through

cold neglect, and pledge her trusting love to a deceiver? Which of them will early wear the widow's sombre weeds, and weep in the dayspring of her joys over their grave? Which will in agony consign to the earth the sweetest treasures of her home, and in childless misery wend her solitary way? Who will rise a brilliant star in our literary horizon? I thought of Cora's intellectual brow and dark flashing eye. Who will be the weak devotee of fashion and folly? Kate appeared to me, with her already coquettish smile, chestnut curls, and varying hazel eye. Who will walk in the broad and wide way that leadeth to destruction? And who will meekly follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? Should I see these fair creatures twenty years hence, even then, before life's allotted span were half told, I should not probably recognize one of them; hardly a trace of their youth and girlish beauty would be visible. God help them! God in mercy keep those sweet young creatures!" I mentally ejaculated, as my attention was attracted by two interesting figures just entering. One was an old man, very old, but still tall, erect, and muscular, his hair white and long, his eye undimmed and of a calm, holy expression, as if he already, though through a glass darkly, discerned the golden gates of the New Jerusalem which he must shortly enter. He was led by a fair young girl, of sixteen summers I should say,

in a dress of pure white, herself the picture and emblem of all that was pure and lovely:

"Gertrude will have a daguerreotype of her old grandfather, Mr. W.," said the old man; "and, on condition that she sits with me, I have consented to have it taken. But the truth is, I can refuse her nothing."

"Who could?" thought I, as I gazed at the modest face and beseeching eye of the gentle Gertrude. And what a contrast they were, as they sat there together! Gertrude took a low seat at her grandfather's knee — her pretty head resting on her tiny hand, her fair curls arranging themselves as they liked, and they certainly did like to arrange themselves in the most picturesque style imaginable. Nothing could be more touching or striking than the contrast, or more beautiful. The fine, noble-looking old man, with his snow-white locks, broad, high brow, and heaven-searching eye, just passing away to the world unseen, ready to be offered, the time of his departure at hand, life's toils and labors over, its wreath, its honors, its strife nothing to him, passing away. She in her almost infantine beauty, just on the threshold of life, full of hope and freshness, every thing wearing the rose-colored tint of early morning, no cloud, no care, fearing nothing, hoping all things; the one just entering the world of sense, the other the world of spirits — which was the most fearful?

But who is this walking in so daintily and so painfully in his pinched mirror-topped boots? Truly a Broadway exquisite come to have his pretty face perpetuated. Deluded puppy! wishing to perpetuate an empty brain! Mr. W. looks quite puzzled; for he, plain man, can hardly understand the fashionable lisp.

"Mithter W., I have thopped in to avail mythelf of your renowned thkill to obtain a daguerreotype of mythelf."

"Be seated, if you please, sir," said Mr. W. "I am now at leisure."

"In a moment," replied the dandy. He went to the mirror to see if all was *comme il faut*. "Dear me!" he exclaimed, "how unbecomingly Mothemp hath arranged my hair and cut my muthtache to-day! I declare, the curl on my left temple ith cropped tho clothely that the effect is odiuth, and the therenity of my expression is entirely thpoiled by the turn of my muthtache. Indeed, I wath not aware of thethe imperfectionth when I entered; and I now pertheive that my crethent ring, which dithplays my hand more advantageouthly, ith left at home. Alath! how blind I have been! My collar ith one of lath monthth cut; and the air, being to the north-eath, hath given my complexion quite a thallow tinge. Excuthe me, Mithter W., to-day; I will prepare mythelf more becomingly and call again ath thoon ath the

curl on my left temple hath obtained a becoming length, and when the wind ith at the wetht ; and, ath I path, I will thop and rebuke my barber for making me look tho like a shopboy. Good morning, thir ;" and, drawing on his white kids, with his tortoise-shell walking stick beneath his arm, this exquisite piece of mortality and immortality left the room.

He was quite discomposed by being run over at the door by two sturdy little fellows, and a large, black, shaggy Newfoundland dog ; they all came running in together.

"O Mr. W.!" exclaimed the eldest ; "father says we may have Bruno's daguerreotype taken ; will you please take it ?"

"If Bruno can sit still I will," answered Mr. W.

"He can sit as still as a man ; he has been practising for two months and has learned his lessøn well. Ever since he pulled little sister Amy from the water, when we were in the country two months since, we promised him he should have his daguerreotype taken ; and he understands it as well as we do. Little Amy was reaching for waterlilies, one day, and slipped into the water, and would have been drowned if Bruno had not jumped in and taken her out. He drew her out very carefully and laid her on the bank, and then went to the house and tried by signs to make mother follow him.

Mother was very busy, and turned him from the room several times; but he always came back and looked at her so beseechingly, and pulled her dress, and looked towards the garden, that finally mother to his great joy followed him, and found our dear little Amy all dripping with water, lying on the grass, and just recovering from her terror. Father says Bruno saved her life, and we all want his daguerreotype. Come 'here, sir," he said to Bruno, "and sit for your picture."

Bruno immediately obeyed, and seated himself in the most becoming attitude for his likeness; and, to the great delight of the children, Mr. W. declared he did not even once wink his large human eyes during his sitting.

"Bruno is more of a man than the Broadway exquisite, though he has four legs and is ranked among 'the beasts that perish,'" I said to myself, as I followed the little fellows and the noble animal down stairs and walked thoughtfully homewards, musing on 'this short but varied picture from life's drama.

KATIE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"If ever I marry," Katie Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, — "if ever I marry, the happy man — or the *unhappy* one, if you please — ha! ha! — shall be a person possessing these three qualifications: —

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"And, thirdly, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three.

"Although I could never think of marrying a fool or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man, to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty

ideas of station and style ; for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous ; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none doubted who had ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived at length when Katie was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly ; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors ; but, as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and, discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one should be a poor genius and somewhat of a hero ; the other a wealthy fool and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is, —

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof — without the most distant hope, however, of ever

attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions a "noble, good fellow;" and by the ladies generally a "*darling*."

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of *rival*.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke" — although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense — had never been able to draw these out; and the amiably conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, she said to him one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate, — she said to him with a sigh, —

“O Frank, I am sorry that we have ever met!”

“Sorry?”

“Yes; for we must part now ——”

“Part?” repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

“Yes, yes,” said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she — the proud Katie — wept, wept bitterly.

“Katie,” said he, then, with a burst of passion, “I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish. Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word, and I go.”

“Go!” murmured Katie, very feebly; “go!”

“You have decided?” whispered Frank.

“I have!”

“Then, love, farewell!”

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face, then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms about

his neck ; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

" *Shall I go ?* " he articulated.

A feeble *yes* fell from her quivering lips.

And an instant later she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately, alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated ; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her breathing became more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over — the agony was passed. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her ; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand ; she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement ; but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh.

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired,

dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with every thing around her swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairyland, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition, not her love, had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her ; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her outward existence to adorn it and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast.

Her friends were numerous ; her husband tender, kind, and loving ; but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved by a skilful touch ; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony ; and now they were silent, motionless, muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead ; not the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy in love she could not but mourn for it and sigh

for it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joy was unsatisfactory, however; and, impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden streams that flowed around her, panting with a hunger not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate taunts of deception and a total lack of love which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried; "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong, sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes; I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in

sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience; for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; "I will not complain. I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But, granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes; I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire *you* the same; and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term *husband* and *wife*; but do you know what it *should* mean? Do

you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummary! Farewell! I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now, for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud, —

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay peacefully upon her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses, until with a start she cried, —

"Frank! O Frank, come back!"

"Here I am!" said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head — she opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her!

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say — not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you here where I left you — asleep."

"O, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would *that* be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to *me*!"

"No; I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then, if you gave *me* your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears; "and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his: he kissed it in transport.

And soon after there was a *real* marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

MIRANDA.

TEMPEST.

Miranda. WHAT is't ? a spirit ?

Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Prospero. No, wench : it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest

Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stained

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find them.

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine ; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free
thee

Within two days for this.



Miranda

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Ferdinand.

Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend. Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here.

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THE GAME OF PROVERBS.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY H. H. W.

A PARTY had assembled at the seat of Sir John Hatton to spend the Easter recess. The host and hostess were a little of the *parvenu* genus, but they were very amiable, and their great wish was to make their country-place, to which they had only lately succeeded, agreeable. As they were very rich, and had a magnificent house in a beautiful country, and as, moreover, Sir John kept a good table, had a first-rate *chef de cuisine*, and was remarkable for his excellent wines (for before the death of his cousin, the late Sir John, he had been a wine-merchant), Sir John and Lady Hatton had no difficulty in collecting a host of friends about them in town, and of these they determined to select only quite the *elite* for their country party. The only difficulty was whom

to choose. Lady Hatton, whose father had kept a shop, wished to invite only the great and fashionable; but Sir John, whose education had been somewhat neglected in early life, preferred men of talent and science. Lady Hatton was too amiable to contend with her husband, and so Sir John invited all the first-rate statesmen, men of science, poets, novelists, and artists he could get. Unfortunately, however, the result was not exactly what he expected. The men of science did not mix well with the men of letters and the artists; for they had no subjects in common, they felt as strangers to each other; and each, conscious of the celebrity attached to his name, was afraid of committing himself, and doing any thing which a stranger might think unworthy of his previous reputation. Nothing can cast a greater chill over society than a fear of this kind. It is a perfect wet blanket to the fire of genius. So the party, though consisting of some of the cleverest men of the day, was undeniably slow; it was worse, it was dreadfully dull; and in spite of the good cookery, and the good wines, the dinners did not go off well, for the guests would not talk. In the drawing-room they were still silent; they sauntered about, opened books and laid them down again, and looked the pictures

of *ennui*, though Lady Hatton bustled about and tried to make herself agreeable, and Mrs. Delcour, a young widow, who was pretty, and quite aware that she was so, flirted with all the men she could get to listen to her. Lady Hatton's own two daughters, who had just left school, gave no assistance in entertaining the guests, for they were too shy to talk, and made so many difficulties about playing or singing, that it was quite painful to ask them.

Only two days of the week, for which the party had been invited, had passed, when it became quite evident to Mrs. Delcour, that something must be done, to save the whole party from dying of *ennui*, or eloping how they could: indeed one or two had already begun to talk about expecting letters on urgent business, which would compel them to tear themselves away, etc., etc. On the evening of the second day, therefore, when the whole of the party had left the dining-room, and the gentlemen were lounging about the drawing-room in a most disconsolate manner, Mrs. Delcour suddenly exclaimed, "We must get up a proverb."

"What an excellent idea!" cried Lady Hatton, "I have often heard of proverbs being performed by persons of rank and fashion."

"It shall be done," said Mrs. Delcour. "But how shall we set about it? Stanhope, you are just the man to assist me. Don't you approve of the plan?"

"I think it admirable; but as to assisting you, I must beg you to excuse me."

"No excuse. You are quite celebrated for things of this kind. I heard that you had the entire management of the proverbs at Lady Herbert's last winter."

"It was precisely what happened there that has decided me never to attempt to get up a proverb again."

"But what did happen there?"

"You know Lady Herbert's gouty old uncle, the Admiral, and how much Lady Herbert always wishes to please him?"

"Oh, yes, yes! He's an old bachelor, and very rich. — Well?"

"He was to choose the proverb, and he chose 'Good wine needs no sign.'"

"Rather an odd subject; but you have such talents, you can spiritualize any thing."

"So they all said; and so, at last, I suffered myself to be persuaded to undertake it. There is

a fine picture gallery at Herbert Castle, with an arch near the centre, from which it was easy to let fall a curtain, and doors at each end for the separate ingress and egress of the performers and audience. There were plenty of performers, and the ladies were all crowding round me, eager to know what they should wear. I told them what they pleased, so that they did but act as *I* pleased. They promised every thing that could be desired, and so I drew out my plan."

"I dare say you had a good deal of difficulty in making them learn their parts."

"Difficulty? Difficulty is no word for it! It was absolute martyrdom! They would not learn; they would not remember; and I could never get them all together to rehearse."

"But what was the end?"

"You shall hear. Finding that some of my actors, who would perform in spite of every thing, had neither memory nor presence of mind, the idea struck me, to tell them, if they found themselves in any difficulty, to say, 'I hear some one coming;' and, unfortunately, I communicated this idea to them all."

"But why unfortunately? The idea appears to me a very good one."

"So it did to me; but it did not work well."

"How so?"

"The company were all assembled. All the beauty and talent of the neighborhood were collected together. Every body was in high spirits, and all were impatient for the performance to begin — and — as Lady Herbert had whispered about that the whole was arranged by me — all eyes were turned towards me, and — and" —

"Well! well! We can imagine all that. Go on!"

"The first person who was to appear was the sister of the Admiral, an old maid, tall, thin, and bony, with a very long neck, and a skin like shrivelled parchment; and she would absolutely take the character of a Swiss peasant, with all the accoutrements complete."

"Oh! I see her! Miss Priscilla in a boddice, short petticoats, and a little flat hat, stuck on the side of her head! How absurd!"

"Absurd, indeed! She was reclining in a pensive attitude with a crook, when the curtain drew up, and when she came forward, waving her lean, naked arms, and sighed deeply, the effect was so ludicrous, that a suppressed titter ran through the assemblage; and the poor shepherdess, losing her presence of mind, gazed wildly around, and then pressing her hand upon her

side, she exclaimed, 'I hear some one coming,' and then sat down, looking just ready to faint."

"How very droll!"

"So the audience seemed to find it; but it was any thing but droll to me, for she should have made a long speech, which would have served as a key-note to all the rest; and it was now clear, that if the others *did* remember their parts, the audience would be in the dark as to what they were about, for want of the explanation which was to have been given by this unlucky shepherdess."

"Well! what happened next?"

"The second performer, who was rather dull, but who had worked hard to master the difficulties of his part, hearing his cue, rushed in, totally unconscious of what had happened (for he was absorbed in what he was to do himself) and began his first speech, which unluckily turning upon what the shepherdess ought to have said, but did not say, and which he was supposed to have heard, quite overcame the politeness of the audience, and they burst into peals of laughter; and when the unhappy actor, whose part was tragic, and who could not think what made them laugh, after looking round for a moment or two in dismay, said, also, 'I hear some one coming,' the effect was over-

whelming. The audience, including even the Admiral and Lady Herbert, were almost in convulsions; and the curtain fell amidst vehement cries of 'Bravo! Encore!'"

"At any rate, the audience were amused?"

"Yes! And we laughed it off as well as we could; but it was rather hard work, particularly as, during the remaining three or four days that I was obliged to remain in the house, if ever I hesitated or stammered about any thing—and really I did make more blunders than I ever did before in my life—my friends were sure to laugh, and to suggest that probably 'I heard some one coming.'"

During this dialogue the whole party had collected round Mrs. Delcour and Mr. Stanhope; and as the ludicrous distresses of the latter made them laugh, it had the effect of thawing the ice that seemed to have bound up their faculties; and they all agreed to take a part in a new proverb, in performing which they promised to behave better than the unfortunate performers at Herbert Castle. A proverb was selected, and a rough outline of the mode in which it was to be worked out having been settled, the rest was left to the performers to fill up, which they did so admirably, that

every body was delighted; and proverbs and charades were performed alternately during the remainder of the week of vacation, which they all agreed was one of the pleasantest they had ever passed.

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THE TRIFLES OF LIFE;

OR, TRIFLES NOT ALWAYS TRIVIAL.

BY M. K.

It is wont to be affirmed of women, in a sarcastic tone, that their lives are made up of trifles,—and, perhaps, in a certain sense the accusation may be a true one, for the duties which are allotted to our sex consist chiefly of quiet and unobtrusive offices, which, in their rapid succession, may seem trivial to those whose minds are occupied with the stirring business of life; but we would venture to remind these contemners of our homelier lot, that small matters only become trifling by the trivial spirit in which they are pursued; that this material world itself, “clogged with its weighty mass of joy and woe,” is composed of atoms, and that the long flight of ages, bearing upon their wings the destiny of humanity, is measured out by single moments.

Let us not, therefore, undervalue the value of trifles, but strive to impart a dignity to every occupation, however humble or however passing be its nature, by the spirit of truth and kindness with which it is performed. It would, indeed, be well for us women, if, even in our highest and gravest duties, we kept in mind the gentle admonition of the poet,—

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Even in our efforts to do good to others, may we not oftentimes fail from a want of that loving spirit which clothes the most trivial acts with grace, and which enables the possessor of it, whether poor or rich, to soothe the sad and ruffled spirit, and to strengthen the feeble one? It has occurred to me more than once in my life, to observe from my own experience how closely the bonds of human fellowship may be drawn together by some small links of passing kindness, so trivial that they scarcely seem to merit record; and yet I am tempted to note down here one or two such instances, in the hope that they may encourage others of my own sex whose circumstances

may preclude their doing *great* things for others, but whose hearts may nevertheless long for opportunities of aiding those whose spirits droop as they pass wearily along the highway of life.

* * * * *

"She won't give *you* a flower—not she, indeed!" Such were the words which met my ear, as I hurried through the streets on a showery spring morning, carrying in my hand a nosegay of those early blossoms which are doubly welcome to our sight, as the harbingers of sunnier hours and brighter skies. I was on my way to an invalid, to whom flowers were indeed even a valued gift—to her they cheered the long hours of lonely suffering, and every bright hue and lovely form seemed to suggest thoughts of soothing hope and comfort, whilst they directed her mind to that All-mighty and yet All-loving Father who, whilst He "calleth the stars by their names," is yet careful thus to clothe the grass of the field, and to lavish beauty on the very herbs that we tread beneath our feet.

A far different being from this patient sufferer was she whose cold, scornful words had fallen so harshly upon my ear. As I walked hastily along, anxious to escape from the increasing rain, I had not perceived

by the side of the path a middle-aged woman, of repelling aspect, who held in her arms a sickly child, that reached out its little hand, with a longing gaze, towards the bright flowers which I held, and struggled in its inarticulate language to express its wish to possess the treasure. It was in answer to these demonstrations on the part of the child, that the mother had made the observation which had drawn my attention, and arrested me in my course. I stopped, and pulling out some of the gayest and gaudiest of the group, placed them, with a few words of kindness, in the infant's grasp, whilst the mother thanked me, and fondled her crowing child with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure.

The incident was a trifling, and might seem an unimportant one; but how often has it since recurred to my mind, as I have passed in the way those whose countenances have betrayed inward feelings of discontent with their own lot, and dislike towards those who possessed more of the comforts and luxuries of life than themselves. What a key to the heart-burnings, the jealousy, the dislike, which are felt, alas! by many a poor man and woman to their neighbors, lies in those words, spoken by a mother, in bitterness of spirit, "*She would not give you a flower!*"

For the relief of absolute want and wretchedness, few who are blessed with this world's goods, are so hard-hearted as to refuse the contribution which it costs but little effort to bestow—but it is not money, mere money, given and received, which will draw together in kindly union the hearts of the richer and the poorer classes amongst us. It is rather that interchange of words and deeds of kindness, which it might seem almost trivial to enumerate, but which speak more to the hearts of our fellow-men than hundreds given with a cold heart or a careless hand. Well has it been said by a writer of the present day, whose observations on the “Ways of the Rich and Great” * are full of valuable hints on this and kindred subjects: “In the ordinary intercourse of good offices, it is very important to be *pleasant* to the poor, for services alone will not cultivate their affections, and those who would visit them for every-day purposes of charity, should be, by their nature and temperament, genial, cordial, and firm. In order that the poor may feel that the rich are in sympathy with them, the rich must take a pleasure in their pleasures, as well as pity them

* Taylor's “Notes from Books.”

in their distress. When the rich give of their abundance to those who want bread, it may be supposed to be done for very shame, under the constraint of common humanity. When they take order for the instruction and discipline of the poor, they are conferring a species of benefit, for which, however essential, they must not expect a return in gratitude or affection. But if they bear in mind, that amusement is in truth a necessary of life, that human nature cannot dispense with it, and that, by the nature of men's amusements, their moral characters are in a great measure determined, they will be led so to deal with the poor as to make it manifest to them that they like to see them *happy*, and they will be beloved accordingly."

Nor is it merely those who are rich in this world's goods who have the power thus to dispense happiness around them. Well would it be for us each one to remember that every man who breathes, whether master or servant, employer or employed, young and old, rich and poor, each has it in his power, as he passes along his own life-path, either to shed a ray of sunshine on that of his fellow-man, or to darken it by his shade. Well do I remember, though many a year has passed since then, how pleasant to me

was one such little act of kindness, shown by one who was herself dependent upon the bounty of others for her daily bread. Old Bessie Milman had the charge of an empty house which we were furnishing, and, whilst it was still in an unfinished state, I went thither during several successive mornings, tempted by a new piano, to practise before breakfast. Poor Bessie thought that "the young lady must surely be cold and hungry, so long without her breakfast;" and never shall I forget the look of anxious kindness with which she came up to me in her neat old-fashioned white cap, and well-folded kerchief, carrying a nice roast apple, surrounded with crumbs of bread, which she thought I might "perhaps be able to relish," nor the pleasure she seemed to feel when she saw that I was gratified by her kind thought of me. This may seem almost too trivial an incident to notice, but it was one which early impressed on my mind the conviction, that the poorest as well as the wealthiest has it in his power either to bestow a *flower* upon his neighbor, or to plant a *thorn* in his path.

Which of us are so fortunate as not to remember, amongst the circle of our acquaintances, some from whose society we shrink with a sort of instinctive

dread? not on account of any moral evil in their character or disposition, but simply because we never leave their presence without feeling, as some one has rather quaintly expressed it, as if “we had been *rubbed up the wrong way*.” They may be, in *reality*, most kind-hearted people. If you had a fever, and required their care, they would watch over you night and day; but, in your hour of health, and, as *they conceive*, of happiness, they would never think of “*giving you a flower* ;” they would not even be able to understand why you should want one.

On the other hand, can we not each recall to mind some happy being—whether he be rich or poor, it matters not—whose very presence seems to cast oil upon troubled waters, whose kindly tones cheer the drooping spirit, whose look of sympathy and love is balm to the wounded heart, and to whom the poor, the suffering, even the little child, will turn as if by instinct, and feel assured that there, at least, no chilling repulse is to be feared, but that “such as he has,” even if it be *only a flower*, he will give it to them with an ungrudging heart.

Happy, notwithstanding “all the ills that flesh is heir to,” would this world be, if we were each one, in our own sphere, to cultivate more of this spirit;

to seek, as we pass onwards through life, for opportunities of gladdening the heart of our fellow-man, and being ever ready to

“Give and forgive, do good and love;
By soft endearments in kind strife,
Lightening the load of daily life.”

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